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OF THE

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INTENDED ONLY AS AN INDICATION OF THE BEST POINTS OF

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## PREFACE.

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**A**FTER much reflection I have determined to give an account of such traditions of our family as I have heard, and of such as I have had investigated for me, although I know them to be far from complete, and in some ways inaccurate. They are probably true in most respects, and will serve to make the labors of some future investigator much lighter than of those who began the work, and give a better chance of correcting the unavoidable mistakes which must occur in the commencement of such undertakings.

Although I know I lay myself open to criticism by not waiting for further proofs, I cannot reconcile myself to the thought that my labors in this direction,—extending over more than forty years,—may be utterly lost if I fail to put them in some form without delay.

The matter, as I well know, is of no importance to me, as I have no living son, nor indeed to the family to which I belong; but it has cost me much time and some money, and I believe the main facts to be correct.

My grandfather, from whom I insisted on getting all that he knew, really cared nothing about such matters, but he confirmed or rejected certain traditions, related by his sister, **Madam Forbes.**



Some forty years ago my great aunt, Mrs. Forbes, with my aunt, Mrs. Thomas Graves Cary, came on a visit to my mother, then at our country place, at Swan Island, in the Kennebec River.

My mother, a Dumaresq, was fond of the old traditions of the Isle of Jersey, and of her family; how her ancestors, Jordan Dumaresq, then Governor of the Island, and De Carteret, Signor of St. Owen, so stoutly defended Mont Orgueil Castle, that the famous Bertrand du Guesclin and some of the best men-at-arms in France, were obliged to break up the siege, and leave the Island,—and many other tales of a like character. \*

Madam Forbes was an admirable story teller, and I remember how she used to entertain us all, as we sat in the great porch, overlooking the river, on a moonlight night, by capping my mother's stories with her own, which to me were most interesting.

Her most astounding tradition, as I look back upon it, was that our family owned, or perhaps it was only held, Warwick Castle, in the olden time.

This tradition seemed to me so impossible, that I never entertained it seriously, and I only spoke of it to Mr. Somerby during his sharp cross-questioning of me on all points of interest.

He did not appear to give any weight to the story, but he did remember it; for, but a short time before his death, some thing that he found set him at work on that clue, which he intimated to me was, in his opinion, well worth investigating.

After the death of Mr. Somerby, I consulted with Mr. George Bigelow Chase of our Historical Society, who advised me to employ Mr. W. H. Turner, of Oxford, to look still further into the subject. Mr. Turner had time to investigate only partially some of the more difficult portions of the pedigree, when his sudden death put an end to further work.

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\* This story is historically true.



Just at this time I was entirely engrossed in very important matters of business, which lasted during three whole years ; and, when at my leisure I began to look up my papers, I found that many were mislaid or lost, one of the most important from Mr. Turner, only reappearing when my friend Mr. Whitmore moved into a new house. The fact of the finding of this paper, and another fact — which is that my memory, once so accurate and retentive on such subjects, begins to play me false,—admonish me that loose papers and memory are like princes, in that they are not to be trusted over much.

I have noted the principal events of each reign mentioned, in order to fix in the reader's mind some idea of the persons recorded, and their probable modes of thought and life.

As this matter is printed solely for the family, it should be interesting for them to note how the traits of ancestors of unusual vigor are handed down, in this case even to the seventh generation.

The love of adventure, of field sports, and of athletics, which many of us still have, together with an extraordinary vigor of body, noticeable in the women as well as in the men, may well have come from the strong Captain and his son Edmund.

Mrs. Edmund Perkins, the younger, was a Frothingham of Charlestown, and in her youth was passionately fond of painting, music, and flowers, and used to say that she had a hard struggle with herself to overcome such vanities. Crushed out in her, they all reasserted themselves in her grandchildren and their descendants.

The various residences of Col. Perkins were filled with pictures, engravings and statuary. He was, like his brothers, a real lover of both nature and art. His gardens and greenhouses, like those of his brother, Mr. S. G. Perkins, and his nephew, Mr. John Perkins Cushing, were models for their times. He once traveled post from London to Paris simply to hear Malibran sing.



We all remember the lovely voice and exquisite musical taste of Mrs. Cary, fortunately descending to her daughters ; and would it not be difficult to name a better art critic than Mrs. Cabot ?

The study in oils by my father of the loss of the Lady Hobart packet, and that of Pine Bank, by his sister Sarah, show their feeling in that direction. This tendency crops out again in the next generation, as instanced by Charles C. Perkins and Edward and Elliot Cabot, the latter, like their brothers, being sportsmen also.

We have all heard how my father on a bet, drove his drag six in hand, through the streets of London ; how skillful he was as a cross-country rider, a yachtsman, a boxer and a marksman.

Of well educated and accomplished men and women we have a plenty, but almost no scholars in the strict sense of the word, and where could such come from ? I know of but one, and he is a Cabot, with our best blood in his veins, however.

A remarkable executive ability and skill in the management of affairs can clearly be traced to "Mr." Elizabeth Perkins, who certainly was a woman of great capacity in business matters, and from her the Colonel may well have inherited his strong interest in the sick and needy.

This intelligence in all financial affairs was not only prominent in James and Thomas Handasyde Perkins, but in their nephews John Perkins Cushing, Russell Sturgis of the house of Baring Bros., John Murray Forbes, and in the next generation asserts itself in Charles E. Perkins.

There has certainly been no lack of odd people among us. Edmund Perkins, Jr., was a long way back, but he was a very eccentric man for his time, and who knows what he may have sent down to some of us !

We all have known men, ay, and women, too, of our race who were "sharp of tongue and heavy of hand," "very witty ;" while on the other hand where could one find counsellors more wise or helpful than Mrs. Cabot, or her sisters Mary





and Anne? In a later generation will not Elizabeth Agassiz, not to mention some unmarried women, compare favorably with them?

I well know an elderly member of the sixth generation who killed moose and took trout about the great lake of Maine when it was a veritable wilderness; who still-hunted deer on Vandernack mountain in the Adirondacks in December, and when the mercury in the settlement below indicated ten degrees less than zero; who took salmon from the Nepisquit when the American fishermen who had preceded him could be counted on one's fingers; who was somewhat of an athlete in his youth, not unskilled in the use of arms. A lover of the sea, of boats, of flowers and of pictures, like all the rest of us, and this one still enjoys "wetting a line" in Marshpee, as his grandfather did more than a hundred years ago.







## PERKINS FAMILY.

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IN the latter part of the long reign of King Edward the First, 1272 — 1307, Pierre' de Morlaix, the ancestor of this family so far as known, was born, whether in England or at Morlaix in France, is not ascertained. It is probable that he was a Norman of good education and of considerable force of character, or he could not have been intrusted with the great interests he superintended.

Hugo Despenser was at that period the head of his famous family, who held enormous estates in various counties, and was one of the most powerful nobles in all England.

The tombs of the Duke of Clarence and Isabell Despenser, also of the son of Hugo Despenser and his nephew, are at Tewksbury Abbey.

Pierre de Morlaix is mentioned as the High Steward of Hugo Despenser, in connection with his rich estate of Shipton-under-Wichwood,\* the same

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\* Said to be in Oxfordshire.



which came into the possession of his great-great-grandson, John<sup>s</sup> Perkins, afterwards. (1 Edward IV.) There is some reason to think that Pierre de Morlaix, alias Petrus Morley, was Bailiff of Malvern Chase where was once Hanley Castle, the birth-place of Anne Beauchamp. This was a strong rectangular castle two hundred and fifty feet on a side, with two moats, and on the northeast side a strong keep. It was six miles from Malvern, situated in the midst of a great forest of more than twelve thousand acres, and including the Malvern Hills. It was the favorite hunting-seat of Edward I: the place on which the castle stood is now in the possession of Ernest Kent, Esq., but nothing remains of the old fortress save parts of the two moats and the mound on which the keep was erected.

Pierre de Morlaix seems to have attained to an old age, for he is further mentioned as living at the time of the odious Poll Tax imposed by Richard II, although before that, his son by his wife Alice Taylor, had succeeded to the office of High Steward of the estates of Despenser.

The reign of Edward I was remarkable as being that in which the last Crusade took place; for the persecution of the Jews; for the little battle of Chalons; for the defeat of Llewellyn, Prince of Wales; for the "Evil Toll"; for the extraordinary stand taken by Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford, and Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, which compelled King



Edward to ask of Parliament grants of money for his wars; for the rise of Robert Bruce, and for the execution of Sir William Wallace.

Henry,<sup>2</sup> the son of Pierre de Morlaix by his wife Alice Taylor, who succeeded to the Stewardship of the estates of Despenser, is called in the documents Henry Pierrekins or Henry the son of Pierre.

According to Bardsley, the latest authority on such matters, about this time surnames begun to be used, and the terminal *kin* was commonly added to distinguish the son from the father. Hence Tomkins, the son of Thomas, Wilkins the son of William, Pierrekins the son of Pierre, Norman French being still much in use.

This Henry Pierrekins held the position of High Steward for many years; he was married, and had among other children a son John,<sup>3</sup> who succeeded him in the Stewardship. Henry flourished during the reigns of Edward II and Edward III, but probably during only a portion of the latter.

The reign of Edward II (who was born 1284) was noted for the fact that he was the first English Prince of Wales; for the murder at Warwick of Piers Gaveston, the favorite of the King, possibly witnessed by the Steward. The rebellious Earls of Lancaster, Hereford, and Arundel, seized Piers, (who had been banished by Edward I, but recalled by his son and created Earl of Cornwall,) at Blacklow Hill near Warwick Castle and beheaded him in 1312. This turbulent





reign is also noted for the murder of the Earl of Despensers, then ninety years of age, and of his son, by the same conspirators; and for the disastrous battle of Bannockburn, where King Robert Bruce defeated an enormous English army, in 1314.

King Edward himself was murdered 1327, in the forty-third year of his age. His tomb is at Gloucester though he was murdered at Berkeley Castle near Bristol. The castle is still inhabited, is in perfect preservation, and the room in which the murder was committed is shown with the furniture of the period, which is said to have been there since 1327.

The reign of Edward III was remarkable as the era of Edward the Black Prince, who with Earl Warwick defeated the French at Crecy in 1346; for the intercession of Queen Philippa for the citizens of Calais; for the battle of Poitiers, and the capture of the French King, and for the death of the Black Prince at the age of forty-six, soon to be followed by that of his father.

John<sup>3</sup> Perkins, armiger, as he was called, son of Henry,<sup>2</sup> succeeded his father as High Steward, and is spoken of as Seneschallus of Warwick Castle, as well as High Steward of Thomas Despensers, Earl of Gloucester. (21 Richard II.) He was said to be the lord of the Manor of Madresfield\* in Worcester-

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\* I doubt this tradition. He may have leased the property, which is two miles from Malvern, but from what I learned on the spot, I do not believe that he ever owned it.



shire near Hanley Castle, the principal seat of the Despensers. His name often appears in the business matters which of necessity passed under his eyes at the marriage of Anne Beauchamp, heiress of the Despensers, the richest woman in England, to the king-maker, Earl of Warwick.\*

His name according to the habit of those times, was spelled in several ways, Perkins, Pierkins, Parkins, Parkyns, the latter a mode still in use in England.

After this marriage, when the principal estates of the Earls Despenser went with their heiress to the king-maker, the family of Perkins seemed still to furnish Stewards of the estates, and "it was not surprising" as Manisfield Parkyns suggests in a letter to W. H. Turner, Esq., "that by wills and other sources, we find the name of Parkins or Perkins in such close proximity to the principal manors and residences of the Despensers."

This John<sup>3</sup> Perkins, is the first who is actually known to have borne as arms the fesse dancette between six billets, and he was living (1 Henry IV) about 1445, was married and had among other children a son

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\* Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, was Regent of France at the time of the execution of Joan of Arc, and died at Rouen, 1439. His effigy in splendid armor lies on a beautiful tomb in the Beauchamp chapel in Warwick, where his father Thomas had added Guy's Tower to the fine old castle.

Richard Beauchamp had a son Henry, who died at the age of twenty-two, the last of his house in the male line, and then the property reverted to Anne Beauchamp, sister of the Regent, who, about 1449, became the wife of the famous king-maker, Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, on whom the title of Earl of Warwick was then conferred.



named William<sup>4</sup> of whom it was recorded, 1424, that there was an action of "fine and recovery between John and Elizabeth Collee, and William Perkins and Margaret, his wife, by which the manor and advowson of Ufton Robert, near the town of Reading, and a moiety of lands in Buscot and Ufton were settled on the said William and Margaret Perkins and their heirs." By this means Ufton\* came into the possession of the family, where it remained until within a few years. There were three Manors of Ufton: Ufton Robert, acquired 1424; and Ufton Newet and Ufton Grays, brought into the family by the marriage of Elizabeth Mompesson with Richard Perkins.

This William Perkins lived during the reigns of Henry V and Henry VI. Under Henry V the battle of Agincourt (1415), and the murder of Jean Sanspeur, Duke of Burgundy, took place, and what was called the Perpetual Peace was proclaimed.

William Perkins<sup>4</sup> and Margaret, his wife, had among other children a son Thomas,<sup>5</sup> who is recorded as living 1460, and as having died before 18 Edward IV, and that during the last year of Henry VI, 1460, or the first of Edward IV; "Bernard Brocas an adherent of the House of Lancaster, conveys to Richard, Earl of Warwick, to his brother Lord John Montague, to Thomas Perkins, Esq., and to three others, certain lands and manors."

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\* Ufton Robert Manor is now owned by Mr. Benyon.



The reign of Henry VI was noted as the time of the celebrated Battle of the Herrings, won by Sir John Falstaff during the siege of Orleans, closely followed by the appearance of Joan of Arc and her wonderful deeds. Also for the rebellion of Jack Cade, and the commencement of the Wars of the Roses.

This Thomas<sup>5</sup> Perkins, Esq., was married, and amongst other children had a son John,<sup>6</sup> who lived during the reigns of Edward IV, Edward V, and Richard III, 1461 to 1485.

The reign of Edward IV was noted for the marriage of that king to Elizabeth Woodville ; for the murder of the son of Henry VI ; and for the enormous power so long wielded by the great Earl of Warwick, who was at last defeated and slain by Edward at the fatal battle of Barnet, 1471.

Edward V and his brother were (1483) murdered in the Tower of London, by order of their uncle Richard III, the last of the Plantagenets, who was killed at the battle of Bosworth, 1485.

This John<sup>6</sup> Perkins, armiger, as he was called, was by tradition a man of extraordinary vigor, courage and ability, and he is said to have continued, at the risk of his head, to minister steadily to the necessities of the unfortunate Countess of Warwick to the end of her days. I could not quite understand how the traditions that John Perkins was Bailiff of Malvern Chase and Steward of Hanley Castle, and at the same time Seneschal of Warwick, until I studied the matter on





the spot. Anne Beauchamp and her brother were both born and brought up at Hanley Castle. When Anne married the famous king-maker, she removed to Warwick Castle, only thirty miles away, and there lived until after the battle of Barnet. It would be natural that she should take with her a tried retainer who had served her for years and who was evidently devoted to her interests.

John<sup>6</sup> Perkins married and had among other children a son Thomas,<sup>7</sup> who married a lady of the family of Moore. He lived during the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII, 1485 to 1567.

The reign of Henry VII was noted for the end of the Wars of the Roses, the Rebellions of Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck, and for the rediscovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

The reign of Henry VIII was remarkable for the number of that king's wives; for the battle of the Spurs; for the battle of Flodden; for the Field of the Cloth of Gold; for the rise and fall of Cardinal Wolsey; for the murder of Sir Thomas More (1535); and for the beginning of the Reformation.

Thomas<sup>7</sup> Perkins, Esq., was married and among other children had two sons, Richard<sup>8</sup> and William.<sup>8</sup> Of Richard we know little. In an account of the monuments, written long ago, of the old church at Upton, we find "A faire and large stone monument where the statues of Richard Perkins, Esq., and Lady Mervyn, his wife, were made kneeling before a deske,



but now broken downe." The coat-of-arms on this tomb bears or, a fesse dancette between ten billets ermines, four above and six below. He married a daughter of John Mompesson of Bathampton Manor. At the death of Sir Richard Perkins she married for her second husband Sir John Mervyn, who was M. P. for Wilts in 1554. The initials in the roof of the Hall of Bathampton Manor,  $R^P E$  and  $I^M E$ , mean Richard and Elizabeth Perkins, and John and Elizabeth Mervyn.

When the writer visited Ufton Manor in 1886 he found that the old fourteenth century church had been demolished in 1877, and a new church built. The whole chancel is covered with tombstones, bearing the names and arms of the family. Some of the dates were very old, but the name was always spelled Perkins. The oldest arms I saw were a fesse dancette between six billets, and some were like the arms of Richard<sup>s</sup> Perkins, bearing ten billets, four above and six below.

The builders of the new church had replaced the tomb of Francis<sup>o</sup> Perkins, nephew of Richard, but that of Richard was missing, and on inquiry it was discovered in the garden of Canon Cornish, the rector. It was a beautiful altar-tomb, covered with coats-of-arms, but as it was used as a garden seat the weather had injured the carving decidedly.

I at once requested that the tomb should be replaced in this new church. The Canon was most courteous and agreed to have it done. Having dis-



covered the cost of the work, the writer contributed one half, as Miss Sharp, a lady living at the old Manor House, and some other ladies and gentlemen wished to assist. The monument is now in its old position in the new church.

Ufton Court was partly built by Richard Perkins and Elizabeth Mompesson, his wife, afterwards Lady Mervyn. "Lady Mervyn's dole," as it is called, was given by her as a charity in 1581,\* and is still continued, as is testified by a tablet on the wall of the new church. The first house was a moated grange, the foundations of which are still visible. The present house was completed as it now is, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and is built in the form of the letter E. It is in perfect repair, very large and picturesque, and is remarkable as having many secret passages and hiding places, most curious to see. One such passage leads from the Chapel in the second story to an underground way, which comes out in the Park a hundred yards distant from the house. The family were always devoted Roman Catholics, and the fact that Edward<sup>o</sup> Perkins married a Protestant, and that his son married Alice Perkins, a Puritan, caused the breach which ended by the emigration of Alice Perkins and her children to America as will be mentioned below.

Sir William Perkins, a member of the Ufton family so late as the time of King James II, was one of the

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\* She died September 25, 1581.



leaders in one of the risings in that King's favor, was taken prisoner, tried, and beheaded, and his head was one of the last that ever appeared on Temple Bar in London.

The second son of Thomas' Perkins, William<sup>s</sup> by name, married a lady of the family of Welles.

He lived during the reign of Edward VI, 1547 to 1553, and of Mary, 1553 to 1558.

The reign of Edward VI was noted for the terrible defeat of the Scotch at Pinkie, where they lost ten thousand men ; for the quarrels between the new Earl of Warwick, now a Dudley (no longer a Despenser), who was later created Duke of Northumberland, and the famous Duke of Somerset, the Protector of the King.

The reign of Bloody Mary was remarkable for her persecutions of the Protestants ; for her marriage to Philip II of Spain ; and for the murders of Lady Jane Grey, Ridley, Latimer, Hooper and a host of others.

William<sup>s</sup> Perkins, second son of Thomas, married as before mentioned, and had among other children a son Francis,<sup>9</sup> who married Anne Plowden. Francis<sup>9</sup> Perkins died 1615 ; Anne Plowden died 1635. His monument in the old church is thus described : "Lower on the same side of the chancell is another large monument of stone, arched and erected against the wall, and within the arch lyes a man in armour and his wife on his left side." The coat-of-arms is like that of his uncle, with a Latin inscription, giving





his name and that of his wife. The residence of this Francis<sup>9</sup> Perkins was at Ufton, and he lived during the reign of Elizabeth, 1558-1603. He had two sons Francis<sup>10</sup> and Edward.<sup>10</sup>

Mr. H. G. Somerby, shortly before his death, made a partial investigation of this part of the pedigree, and thought he found reason to believe that Edward,<sup>10</sup> the younger son, married a Protestant lady named Elasa, against the wishes of his father, and died before him, leaving several children, who at the death of their grandfather got little of his estate, the bulk of which he devised to his eldest son Francis,<sup>10</sup> who had married a rich woman, the heiress of Joseph Eaton, Esq., of Catmore. Francis died in 1615; his wife is said to have died in 1691.

The reign of Elizabeth, the era of William Shakespeare, Bacon and Spenser, was rendered illustrious by the great deeds of Essex, Howard, Leicester, Raleigh and Drake, and for the protection she extended to the Protestants. It was also marked by the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Edward,<sup>10</sup> the younger son of Francis<sup>9</sup> Perkins and Anne Plowden, married and had among other children two sons, Edward<sup>11</sup> and Edmund.<sup>11</sup> The wife of Edmund died in 1615. He lived during the reign of James I, 1603-1625, and into the reign of Charles I, who was beheaded in 1649. He was in some way connected with the expedition of the Duke of Buckingham, and was known to have been a friend of



Felton, the officer who murdered the Duke, and seems to have been suspected, as Mr. Somerby surmised, for retiring from the expedition. He died not long after, leaving other children beside Edward and Edmund aforesaid.

The pedigree of Pierre de Morlaix down to this point is recorded in the manuscripts of Ashmole, 852, folio 301.

The younger of these sons, Edmund," says the late W. H. Turner, Esq., of Oxford, who investigated the matter after the death of Mr. Somerby, seems to have lived with his grandfather for some time. He appears to have been sent on business connected with the family, to visit certain rather distant relatives living at Newent.\* While there he became engaged to and finally married a kinswoman, Alice Perkins by name, a god-daughter and relation of John Perkins, afterward of Ipswich, Massachusetts, who was, next to Winthrop and Saltonstall, one of the principal men of the expedition which came out in the ship *Lion* to Boston in 1630.

Alice Perkins was by tradition a very beautiful young woman, and a Puritan with little or no fortune, and her marriage to Edmund in 1624 or '25 seems to

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\* Near Newent is May Hill and at Barker's Bridge Cois. Massey and Waller defeated the Welsh contingent under Lord Herbert, in 1643. Newent is eight miles from Gloucester; it has many old houses, some with long roofs behind, very like ancient New England houses. The house where John Perkins once lived is still standing opposite the gates of the Churchyard. It has two stories with three gables.



have displeased the family at Ufton, who were enthusiastic Catholics. Edmund died a few years after, leaving his widow poorly provided for,\* and with three children, Alice," Ralph" and Edmund."

Under these circumstances Alice and her three children came over and put themselves under the protection of John Perkins of Ipswich; she is believed finally to have married one Isaac Perkins of Ipswich, (?) for her second husband. Investigations were unfortunately again arrested by the death of W. H. Turner at this point, but he agrees in the main with Mr. Somerby, though Dr. George A. Perkins of Salem, takes another view.

Be this as it may, Edmund," son of Edmund" and Alice Perkins, the ancestors of the Boston branch of the family, seems to have been brought up by John Perkins of Ipswich.

He was re-established in Boston, long previous to 1677, at which time he married Susannah Hudson, who was born in Boston as early as 1645. Susannah Hudson was the daughter of Francis Hudson and Mary his wife, who was born in England 1620.† This Francis Hudson was by tradition a relation of Hendrick Hudson, the navigator.‡ Susannah was first

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\* Another story is that she separated from him on account of religious differences, and took her children to America.

† Francis Hudson was from Chatham, England.

‡ In a book formerly owned by Edmund Perkins, these lines are seemingly written by a woman:—

Alas! for our bold kinsman, Hendric Hudson,  
Abandoned by his crew in icy seas.

Here, perhaps, was the foundation of this tradition.



married to a man named Howlett, and it may be noted here that the Perkins family and that of Howlett were near neighbors in Essex county.

The farm of Francis Hudson was on the north of Copp's Hill, and is called on some of the maps of Boston "Hudson's Point" to this day, and his tombstone yet stands in the old cemetery.

Captain Edmund Perkins, as he was sometimes called, probably from the fact that he sailed some of his own crafts, seems to have had a fair education. He wrote a good hand and had some excellent books. I have in my possession two of these;—*Pseudodoxia Epidemicae*, by Thomas Brown, 1656, and the *Sermons of Master Henry Smith and God's Arrow against Atheists*, 1637, with his name written in them and the names of some of his family, also some odd sketches of vessels sailing or on the stocks, an Indian pursuing a deer, a portion of a fort and others.

A tradition remains that when he was a boy, John Perkins owned a litter of pups, the best of which he gave to Edmund, who, on coming home, found that Sir Richard Saltonstall had selected it and taken it away. Edmund took another pup, visited the knight, told his story and asked for his dog. The knight, said to be of a rather irritable disposition, bade him begone; so dropping the pup he brought, he took his own and departed. The knight pursued so sharply, rod in hand, as to drive the boy up a tree. A parley was sounded, the knight's dinner was waiting, and so it was agreed





that Edmund was to keep the dog, but to take also three cuts from the rod. The boy descended to square the account, and Sir Richard made as if he would, but did not, strike.

The boy, impatient, called out: "Lay on, knight, and stop your flourishes!" To which Sir Richard replied, pulling the boy's ear, "I would not strike one like thee, Ned, for all the pups in the Bay."

According to Madam Forbes he was a man of remarkable strength. She related that on one occasion Governor Leverett and some ladies, in their endeavors to enter a boat from his landing stage were obstructed by a large anchor. The Governor called to his assistance Captain Perkins, who alone lifted and removed the anchor, which weighed, it was said, a thousand pounds! I well remember my aunt, Mrs. Cary, asking her aunt Margaret if that was not a rather heavy story, and the reply of the brisk old lady was: "By no means, my dear, and I will not abate an ounce of it."

He was called on the same authority a mighty hunter and fisherman, going in a small vessel he owned to the coast of Maine to hunt, fish and to trade in furs. He had a friend there, an Indian, Nahumgeg by name, a petty chief, who on one occasion was very dangerously jammed by a huge log, in such a position that but one man could get to his aid. Captain Perkins, being near, came to his assistance, and alone raised the log from his body long enough to allow him to extricate himself.



The Indian never forgot his good offices, and his friendship was of great pecuniary advantage to the strong captain.

He was a man very exact in his own dealings, and insisted that others should be so with him. There are several cases reported in the courts of his time wherein he sued persons for non-performance of contract, and which he always gained.

He seems to have respected the traditions of his family, for there is to be seen to-day on the tombstone of his eldest son the coat-of-arms of his family, — the fesse dancette between six billets, with branches of pine cones hanging from the sides, the same that was on the tomb of Captain Beamsley Perkins of Ipswich, who died fifty years after him.\*

He seems to have kept up his old relations with his Ipswich friends, for in 1688 he with William Wellsteed and Isaac Addington, two well-known Boston gentlemen, were witnesses to a mortgage of John Spark and Mary his wife of Ipswich, to John Wainwright, a relation of his, done before the Hon. Samuel Shrimpton, a member of the Royal Council, his intimate friend, and afterward his executor.

His children were Edmund, who died an infant, and whose tombstone I now have, John, Edmund 2d, and Mary. In the inventory of his property were two guns, two pistols and three swords; two of these latter

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\* When the British fleet attacked Port Royal, in 1710, Captain Beamsley Perkins commanded Her Majesty's ship *Despatch*, of twenty guns.



I now possess. He died in 1693, leaving about five hundred pounds sterling — considered quite a property in those days, and his estate included three negro slaves, two men and one woman. His house was near what is now the foot of Hanover Street.\*

Of Edmund 2d, son of Edmund and Susannah Perkins, we know somewhat more than of his father. He was born 1683. As he died 1762, two years before the birth of my grandfather, Colonel Perkins, the latter knew nothing of him personally, but he remembered that his oldest sister, Mrs. Sturgis, often spoke of him.

She was a great pet of her grandfather, who was very fond of playing with her. He was proverbially fond of children. Although he must have been seventy-five years of age when she remembered him, he did not strike her as an old man, so alert and active were his movements.

My grandfather heard him spoken of as a very odd man: "I fancy more like my brother Sam than any of us, sharp of tongue and heavy of hand, very witty, a great hunter and fisherman like his father, very skillful in the use of arms and tools. He excelled in wood carving, was extravagantly fond of wrestling, boxing and fencing, and especially devoted to the latter exer-

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\* In one of his books there was the picture of a house standing back from the water with a landing stage and some boats in the foreground, rudely drawn. The house was of two stories with low wide windows, the second story overhanging the first. It has three gables on the roof and reminds me of the house at Newent in which John Perkins is said to have lived. There were large elms about it, and it is not at all improbable that it was intended for the house of Captain Edmund Perkins.



cise. He had great power over animals, particularly horses and dogs. He knew all the birds, beasts, woods and flowers of the forest. His work-room was filled with the heads of moose, bear and deer that he had killed, and with the skins of snakes and fishes."

He was evidently a 'character. Madam Forbes remembered to have heard that he was gone a long time during one summer, with Mr. Blackburn, the artist, on an expedition to the Merrimack river for the purpose of catching salmon with a fly rod, considered at that time a most crazy-headed thing to do. Was this the blood that Hendrick Hudson shared?

Among his friends, beside Blackburn, were Peter Pelham, the artist, and Richard, the father of John Singleton Copley, a famous hunter and fisherman like himself. His house was on the site of Simmons Building in Water Street.\*

He married first 1709, Mary Farris, who died 1720, leaving three children, Henry, William and Mary. He married secondly, 1722, Esther Frothingham, by tradition a woman of a very noble character, beloved by all who knew her. Her portrait, by Copley, is still extant. He died 1762, leaving children by his second wife, John, Esther, Edmund, Samuel, James our ancestor, and Susannah.

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\* "It was a long two-story building with a gambrell roof, the gable on the street, but back from it; a wide yard in front of the porch at the front door, with quite large elm trees and a garden of some size behind." In our time it seems odd that there was ever anything like a garden about Water Street.





There was formerly a portrait of him by his friend Blackburn, in the parlor of the house of his son Mr. Henry Perkins, who married a daughter of Christopher Kilby. This was a very large old house, removed only a few years since, the site of which is now covered by Shillaber's Building, in Court Street. The whereabouts of the portrait is not known. Mr. Henry Perkins was a rich man, and dying divided his property between his own and his step-brothers and sisters. His pictures, books and silver went to his youngest step-sister Esther, and so passed into the possession of the Shillaber family, who descend from her, and where the portrait of Mrs. Perkins, by Copley, now is.

It is odd to note the similarity of taste between this Mr. Edmund Perkins and his distant relative, the famous Luctator, Sir Thomas Parkyns, Bart., who lived in a fine old house with an estate of a thousand acres of land about it at Bunney Park, in England.

He was also a very odd man, and wrote a curious and famous book on wrestling, boxing and fencing, dedicated to his most promising pupil, Lord Thomas Manners, third son of the first Duke of Rutland. The book is entitled *The Inn-Play or Cornish Hug Wrestler*, 1727, London, Thomas Weeks.\*

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\* I have a copy of this book which evidently once belonged to Edmund Perkins 2d, with his daughter Mary's name in it. It was sold at Reading by a bookseller named Humphrey Wainwright, and sent by him to a Mr. Wainwright of Ipswich, Mass., for Mr. *Edmund Parkyns* of *Boston*. The Wainwrights of Ipswich were relations of the Perkins family there, and possibly the old Baronet might have heard of his cousin, who had a taste so similar to his own, and have sent him the book.

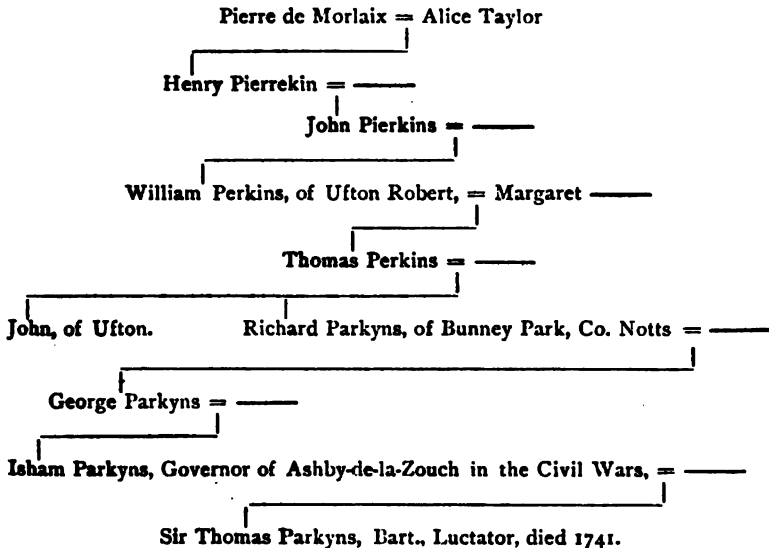


Sir Thomas Parkyns had a standing challenge to all of the wrestlers in England, "from high to low degree," to try a fall with him, and although many made the attempt, none succeeded. He died in 1741. Among the curiosities in the Church at Bunney Park is his monument, designed by himself, which shows him thrown at last by Death, who stands over him and regards the stout baronet lying on his back in the grave! \*

James Perkins, our ancestor, was the younger son of Edmund and Esther Frothingham Perkins. He was born in 1733, in Boston, and was rather carefully educated, as it seems. He had a considerable aptitude for study, and he always regretted that he was not forced to go to Harvard. A very advantageous offer, how-

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\* Sir Thomas Parkyns, Bart., is descended from Pierre de Morlaix thus : —





ever, to enter the counting house of his future father-in-law, Thomas Handasyde Peck, decided him, and he there began a mercantile life, for which he also showed a predilection.

He had nothing of the roving, eccentric character of his father. He seemed to be one of those men whose aim was to do what he did well. He was a handsome man of middle size, with grave, but very courteous manners.

His grandson, Mr. John Perkins Cushing of Belmont, was said by my grandfather to be very much like him. He was most exact in his accounts, in his dress and in his house. "Your grandfather hated order," he was wont to say, "but I will have it."

He was a bold and graceful rider, and a story characteristic of the two men is remembered of his return from a hard gallop to his house in State Street, with his friend, Paul Revere, who was covered with mud, while his companion was "spick and span," as the Colonel put it, "nor would dirt, moral or physical, stick to him anywhere."

He married 1755, Elizabeth,\* daughter of Thomas Handasyde Peck, said to be a grandson of a certain Thomas Handasyde, whose father was the famous Puritan colonel who commanded Handasyde's regiment of Ironsides, under Cromwell. Their children were Eliza-

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\* This James Perkins, who married Elizabeth Peck, should not be confounded with the James Perkins mentioned in Sabine's *Loyalists*. The latter married a daughter of Governor Mascarene.



beth Sturgis, Anne Cushing, James, Thomas Handasyde, Samuel, said to be named for his uncle Samuel, who was named for Colonel Shrimpton, Mary Abbot, Esther Sturgis and Margaret Forbes.

James Perkins was a strenuous patriot. He signed the remonstrance to Governor Hutchinson. He was intimate with Samuel Adams, James Otis and Paul Revere. In 1771 he went to England and took with him my grandfather, a child of only eight years of age. My cousin, James Sturgis, has a copy of a letter from Thomas Handasyde Peck to some friends in England, introducing his son-in-law and grandson.

One of the first things he did when he went to England was to visit Warwick Castle, and he talked much of it to my grandfather, who was too young to remember all about it, except that he got the idea that in old times our family had a great deal to do with the property. Yet here perhaps was the nucleus of the seemingly most absurd tradition remembered by Aunt Forbes, that our family in the olden time held Warwick Castle.

James Perkins seems to have been in some way an agent of the malcontents. Did he buy arms for them while in England? He certainly made a horseback journey to Barnstable shortly after his return from England, on the south side of which, near the Sound, lived an intimate friend of his, and an equally strenuous patriot, Nymphas Marston by name, a rich man, owning mills and many thousands of acres of land.





Although seemingly inland, a bay and creek allowed vessels of small draught to ascend from the Sound to within a short distance of his house. George Marston, the late Attorney General of Massachusetts, remembered old papers which showed that James Otis, James Perkins and Paul Revere were there more than once, and there were hints of the landing of guns, flints, and powder and lead, in some way connected with their visits. Could the guns seized in great-grandfather Peck's cellar, by the British soldiers, have been brought all the way from Barnstable?

Another intimate friend of his on the Cape, was Squire Edward Bacon, of Bacon Farm, who strangely enough, was a noted Loyalist.

Their political differences, however, did not seem to affect their private lives, for when, after the death of her husband, 1773, Mrs. Perkins and her eight children did not dare to remain in her house in State Street, in Boston, Squire Bacon wrote that he had a house with twenty rooms in it, and that Mrs. Perkins had best come and live under his care until times were better; that she might pay for accommodations or not as she pleased; that her husband had for years invested his spare cash for him in ventures in the West Indies which had been most successful, and that he felt bound to look out for the wife and children of such a friend.

Had James Perkins lived long enough, it is not unlikely that he would have stood with his brave nephew, afterwards Lieut. Colonel William Perkins of



the Continental Army, who at the end of the war was appointed to the command of Fort Independence in Boston harbor, and who had served at Bunker Hill as lieutenant of artillery, — “a section of miserable iron pop-guns at that memorable battle.”

Two gallant officers who commanded with honor in the war of the rebellion were great-grandsons of this Colonel William, namely Lieut. James Amory Perkins, killed while leading his company at the assault on Fort Wagner, and Major William Edward Perkins, of the famous Second regiment of Massachusetts infantry, who marched to the sea with Sherman.

Mrs. Perkins and her eight children lived in the old Bacon House until after the war; indeed, Aunt Sturgis was married from there, and she then returned to Boston with money enough, after paying her debts, to start, with the assistance of Mr. Quincy a friend of her husband, in the business of importing china. Letters used to be received from Holland, addressed to “Mr. Elizabeth Perkins,” as if she were a man.

She was at the head of several charitable associations and had much experience in such matters. When many of Earl Percy's regiment were disabled by sickness, he was advised to obtain the good will and assistance of Mrs. Perkins, if possible. The idea at first seemed most distasteful to the worthy lady, but she finally agreed to aid them “as sick men, but by no means as British soldiers.” The kindly and pleasant manner of the handsome young officer at last won



her esteem, as it did that of every one who knew him. She was notable in all good works, especially in her interest in sick women and children, and at her death several of the charitable societies voted to wear mourning for her during "the ensuing four weeks."

Her last days, says Mrs. Cabot, were passed in a house\* near Sea street, in Boston, in the midst of a large garden which afforded a fine view of the Bay. "and where in summer, after a storm, the children would sit in the evening and listen to the roar of the waves on Nantasket Beach." !

The work of Colonel Thomas Graves Cary, on the life of his father-in-law, Thomas Handasyde Perkins, complete in most respects, makes further mention of the next in our line unnecessary. It perhaps is well to state here, however, that he was born in 1764, and married in 1788 Sarah, daughter of Simon Elliot. His children were Mrs. Samuel Cabot, Miss Sarah Elliot Perkins, Colonel Thomas Handasyde Perkins, Mrs. Thomas Graves Cary, Mrs. William Howard Gardiner, George Cabot Perkins and Mrs. William Ferdinand

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\* This house, says Mrs. Cabot, was a large, square building, standing back from the street which bounded the beach about a hundred feet away. In the front garden were fine horse-chestnut trees and many flower beds with sun flowers and tall hollyhocks, very prominent, and oddly enough, quite a number of peach trees, which bore finely at that time; there were also plums and apricots. Behind the house was a stable and a vegetable garden. The house was of two stories and a half, with a great porch in front having seats in it, whence a fine and unobstructed view of the Bay was obtained. There was nothing but Sea street between them and the water. Mrs. Cabot said that the house of Mr. James Russell Lowell of Cambridge always reminded her of her grandmother's, especially the balustrade around the roof, though she thought the house of Mr. Russell was a good deal the larger of the two.



Cary. He was a State Senator of Massachusetts, a Lieut. Colonel of the Cadet Battalion, a benefactor of the Boston Athenaeum, and the founder of the Perkins Institution for the Blind.

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Thomas Handasyde Perkins, Jr., was born in his father's house in Pearl Street, Boston, in the year 1796. When ten years of age he was sent to Exeter Academy, then under the charge of his uncle, the learned Dr. Abbott, who was the husband of his aunt, Mary Perkins. Amongst many others President Sparks was a fellow student, and used to delight in stories of his school days, and of his boy friends:—how one autumn, a ghost was seen by many people to walk at night by a lonely stream, a veritable woman in white, who would ever and anon flit across the little river, and continue her solitary perambulations. So often did this occur that many people became frightened, and avoided the place at night. One evening, about bedtime, Tom Perkins entered one of the school-rooms, gun in hand, and over his shoulder a curious object; he told his school-mates how, wishing to encounter the ghost, he had watched a long time by the stream when, to his astonishment, he saw through the thick mist which hung over the water a figure like a woman in white walking slowly upon the bank. He was more surprised when the form rose in the air, and sailed towards him. To bring his gun to his shoulder, and to pull the trigger, was but the work of an instant, and,





at the flash, the figure fell into the water quite near him, and so ended that ghost story. The bird, for it was an immense white crane, was so rare and beautiful that his aunt, Mrs. Abbott, had it stuffed, and for many years it ornamented her sitting-room under the name of "Tom's ghost."

Mr. Edward Everett was a tutor during the time Mr. Perkins was a scholar, and the friendship which was then made lasted during their whole lives, which seems strange since their tastes were so dissimilar. I well remember Mr. Perkins returning from a lunch with President Everett, at Cambridge, in high spirits. "Do you recollect," said he to me, "that Ashburton sherry we got to the end of, some years since?" I said I did. "Very well," said Mr. Perkins, "to-day I went out at the request of Mr. Everett to look at some horses he thought of buying. He always makes me come and look at horses he thinks of buying, and I have saved him from being cheated many times, and now I have my reward. I tasted the sherry on the table, and said: 'Why, Everett, is this not Ashburton, which I got for you years ago!' He said 'Yes,' and then added, 'since I have been President of the University I have had no wine on my tables, and I have still two casks of that Ashburton that you kindly procured for me, and, if you want them, take them.'" Mr. Perkins replied, "Let me send for them; send me an account of what the wine has cost you, and I am very much obliged to you." I



well recollect sending a drayman that day with an order for the wine, and its arrival in due time in the cellar of our house in Joy Street.

Both Mr. Everett and Mr. Sparks agreed that, as a student, Mr. Perkins was both quick and appreciative, but scholarship was not his strong point. As an out-door boy he was renowned; on the foot-ball ground, as a wrestler, boxer, bare-back rider, skater, runner, or hunter, he was unrivalled. President Sparks had a Latin Lexicon, of which he was quite proud, with the name of Mr. Perkins in it, which was presented to him on account of the coaching the future President gave him in Latin composition during his last term at school. "In those days," said Mr. Sparks, "boys who had a watch, a fowling-piece, or a Latin Lexicon, were rare, and Perkins was a rare fellow, always first in all boyish games, so handsome, kind-hearted, generous and honest, that we all loved him for himself."

When he was fifteen years of age he was believed to be fitted to enter Harvard College; but, during his vacation, he accompanied his father to Washington, and on returning, they remained for some time in Baltimore, as his father had certain business matters to arrange with Mr. Patterson, then a great banker there, and who was the father of the beautiful Miss Patterson, who married Jerome Bonaparte. Besides Mr. Patterson, who had charge of all the business of Colonel Perkins in Baltimore, he had two other friends, the Hon.



Charles Carroll, of Carrolton, and Colonel Ridgely, of Hampton, with whose sons young Perkins was very much thrown; and although these boys were somewhat younger than himself, they persuaded him to ask his father to let him enter St. Mary's College with them, instead of going to Harvard. To this his father consented, and he entered the Maryland College.

In 1851 I was dining with my father's friend, Colonel Ridgely, at Hampton, and Mr. Carroll was also of the party. The house was a very fine old colonial mansion. The dinner, preceded by "apple jack," was perfect, the wines of the finest, the company delightful, and I had the honor of escorting Mrs. Ridgely, a beautiful and very high bred woman, to table.

After the ladies had left, Mr. Charles Carroll said to Colonel Ridgely, "I really think we ought to tell Perkins how his father and ourselves were suspended from College. It was such a jolly good lark!" It appears that the Protestant students were not admitted to the Mass, but were obliged to remain in a sort of porch of the chapel, which, in winter mornings, was very cold. The young men had remonstrated several times against this treatment, but no heed was taken of their objections. One particularly cold morning, in winter, the officers and Catholic students entered the warm and comfortable chapel as usual, and the great doors were closed. The approach was by a flight of



wooden steps leading from the vestibule, which was very much lower than the chapel. After lingering there for a time, some one mischievously suggested that a fire would be a very comfortable thing to have; at which young Perkins began at the top of the steps, and, pulling off the treads and risers, split them into small pieces, and, aided by the other naughty boys, soon had a fine fire going. When the doors were opened, the priests and their followers were thrown into considerable confusion, and their exit from the chapel was neither graceful nor dignified.

Such behavior as this was not to be condoned; the youthful gentlemen were suspended for six months, and young Perkins returned to Boston.

At this time his father was fitting out his celebrated letter of marque, the *Jacob Jones*. She was a very beautiful and very swift ship, carrying eighteen guns, and was built after the model of a fine vessel of Mr. Crowninshield, of Salem, named the *America*. This ship was commanded by Captain Roberts, a famous officer, and young Perkins persuaded his father to allow him to make a voyage to China in her.

She carried a crew of a hundred and fifty men, and, besides these, an after-guard of twenty-five marines, quite like a man-of-war. Young Mr. Perkins shipped as the captain of marines, and was obliged, before he sailed, to make himself acquainted with the drill and management of his men, which he undertook with the greatest zeal and success.





Their voyage was uneventful until they spoke a French vessel, some days out from Bombay, who reported that a treasure ship was about to sail from Bombay to Calcutta, with money for the English troops stationed there. This caused great commotion on board the Jacob Jones, and, on consultation, it was determined to attempt her capture. After cruising for some days a sail was sighted, and was overhauled about two o'clock in the afternoon. She proved to be an East Indiaman, of about a thousand tons.

The American ensign was hoisted, and a shot was fired towards her. The wind freshened, and when the Jacob Jones overhauled the big ship it blew a half a gale of wind. Of course the Jacob Jones took up a position to leeward, and opened fire. She being the faster ship, continued to fight to leeward. Before long the two ships were stripped to their three topsails, and the Jones frequently furled the main-topsail in order to keep pace with the heavier vessel. The combat waxed hot, and Captain Lewis, who afterwards commanded the first experimental auxiliary screw steamer, the Edith, between Boston and Canton, told me that he was a boy on board, and, although the after-guard of marines stood all through the fight as if on parade, yet the captain was compelled to relieve the gunner in command of the after gun who asked him to assist, as he was too much exhausted to fight the piece properly any longer. Mr. Perkins took command of the gun, and, as Captain Lewis reported, worked it to



such advantage that he broke in three of the after port holes of the big ship, and left that part of the enemy quite disabled.

At this time, according to Captain Lewis, they were still fighting to leeward, under three close reefed top-sails, when Captain Roberts came up to Captain Perkins and said: "Tom, this ship has troops on board; she is a troop ship, I am sure. Had we best stick to her? What do you think your father would say?" To this question Captain Perkins replied that he would see about it at once, and sprang into the mizzen rigging, and went like a cat to the top. After remaining there as it seemed to Captain Lewis a long time, he caught hold of a backstay and reached the deck safely. Captain Lewis, who was watching the whole thing, came up, and heard young Perkins say to Captain Roberts: "That is certainly a troop ship. There are two hundred men along the rail, all in the uniform of the English army, and every time they roll to leeward they fire coolly. Their officers are behind them, and there is nothing like confusion among them." Captain Roberts then said: "My opinion is, Captain Perkins, that we have made a great mistake. There are probably five hundred English soldiers on board of that ship, and we can not successfully board her." "I agree with you," said Captain Perkins. "Tacks and sheets, square away," were the orders then given, and the Englishman went into Calcutta, and reported that he had



beaten off an American man-of-war, and had seen the officers in their uniform.

Mr. Perkins' story was that, with the exception of Captain Roberts and himself, and his marines, he did not see a man who was not stripped to the buff, above the waist; and it is sad to know that some lives on board the *Jones*, and a great many on board the *Englishman*, were sacrificed in this useless combat. One man was killed at the very side of Captain Perkins while he was serving the after gun.

From this rebuff they proceeded to Canton. When near the river they spoke a Chinaman, a pilot who had taken many ships up to that city in the interest of James and Thomas Handasyde Perkins. He reported that an English frigate, of sixty-four guns, blockaded Canton river, and that the *Jacob Jones* was quite unable to fight her. Captain Roberts, however, sailed on. Towards evening he made out the frigate, swinging at her cables, at the entrance of the river. As the *Jacob Jones* came down, close hauled, the English ship fired her bow gun, and set her ensign. Captain Roberts set his ensign, and ordered the helm a-starboard, and fired his bow gun, which seemed to hit the British cruiser. "Almost in an instant," said Captain Lewis, "the frigate was covered with canvas, and was coming out, a beautiful sight." The *Jacob Jones* put her helm to starboard, and wore round, and then putting on all sail, she sped away; nothing could, in those days, catch her running free.



After a long chase Captain Roberts saw his antagonist far to leeward, and then, bracing up sharp on the wind, he headed for the mouth of the river, which he reached without difficulty, and anchored in the neutral port without any further trouble.

They remained blockaded in Canton river for about a year. The only curious incident there that Mr. Perkins ever mentioned was that his cousin, Mr. John Perkins Cushing, then the head of the house of James and Thomas H. Perkins, said to him at breakfast, one morning soon after his arrival, "Tom, I wish you would take an armed boat, and take your own arms, and go up to Mr. Houqua's, and say I wish him to send me, by you, a hundred thousand dollars."

My father ordered the boat, saw to the arms, and waited some time for documents. Presently Mr. Cushing said, "I think, Tom, it is time for you to start, or you may lose the tide." My father answered, "You have given me no letter of introduction to Mr. Houqua, nor any written order for the money." "Oh," said Mr. Cushing, "that is quite unnecessary; we do all our business with Houqua by word of mouth, and he does his with us in the same way." Mr. Perkins started, arrived at the palace of Houqua, and sent in his card by his servant. Presently the fine old Chinaman appeared, and invited him ashore, saying, in his Pigeon-English, "Hi ya, my welly glad sabe that son my olo flen, Mr. Perkins, my very much chin chin you, maskee come ashore, come ashore; as for dollar,





can hab, yes, can hab leckly." Mr. Houqua then explained that it took some time to count a hundred thousand silver dollars, and to prove each one good, so he invited Mr. Perkins first to lunch, a very elaborate and elegant affair, and, after that, asked him if he would like to visit his private theatre, where he was having a play he very much admired performed. The play, an old Chinese classic, had been going on for some weeks, so Mr. Houqua told him, but had arrived at a very exciting point just then. Mr. Perkins of course expressed his great desire to see a part even of so celebrated a play, and all repaired to Mr. Houqua's private box, where refreshments of many kinds were served. Mr. Perkins found the play excessively funny, being full of speeches translated to him by Mr. Houqua, and desperate battles engaged in by the principal characters, and by an army of supernumeraries, all in splendid dresses. Mr. Perkins always asserted that although he almost died under the ordeal, he never even smiled, and as good old Mr. Houqua continually scanned his face to see how he bore it, he tried his best to seem intensely interested. But as the old gentleman in time remarked that "the tide would not wait even for Confucius," the play was brought to an end for that day. The boat was loaded with bags of dollars; the arms were carefully inspected, and away they went safely back to Canton.

I was once telling this story at a dinner party, at the country mansion of Mr. Russell Sturgis, our kinsman,



then the head of the house of Baring Bros. & Co., of London. Mr. Sturgis sent his valet to his dressing-case, and brought down a bit of paper, about four inches long by three-quarters of an inch wide. All that was written upon it was, "Forty thousand dollars, Houqua." "This," said Mr. Sturgis, "was the only piece of paper that ever passed between the houses of James and Thomas H. Perkins and its successors, Russell & Co., and the great Hong merchant, during scores of years and transfers of millions of dollars from one to the other." What the paper referred to, neither Mr. Sturgis nor any one then living could tell, as there was no date upon it.

After remaining in Canton river for some months, the question arose how the Jacob Jones, and several other American ships which were lying there, were to get away, as English men-of-war still blockaded the exit. It was determined that when the north-east monsoon came on, which would cause the ships of the Royal Navy to ride at anchor, head on, the American ships, having a fair wind, should get under weigh, and stand down the river and run the blockade.

Captain Roberts, being a man of approved courage and of great experience, was made commodore of the fleet, and issued his orders and instructions to all the other captains. As Mr. Perkins would never talk of his exploits I am sorry to say, I still have to rely on Captain Lewis for this account, and very well he told it: how the ship was put in proper fighting trim;



how every yard and sail was overhauled and put in first-rate condition ; how the marines were drilled and drilled again in repelling boarders ; how the men were exercised for days at gun practice, and making and shortening sail ; and with good reason, for afterwards the cargo of the Jacob Jones was sold in Boston for near seven hundred thousand dollars, an immense sum for those days. Presently the monsoon came on, with rain and very thick weather. At an appointed time the good ship got up her anchors, and, under three topsails, started down the river like a greyhound. In due time the lights of the British fleet were sighted, most fortunately before it was too late. The Jones flew before the gale, and passed a frigate heading the wind, at anchor, not more than an eighth of a mile distant. Indeed, some of the hot heads thought it would be a good thing to give her a broadside in passing, and said so rather loudly. Captain Roberts hearing this, called out in a voice that, Lewis said, always made men start, " Captain Perkins, take two corporals, go down the line and shoot any man that touches a match without my orders !" For some minutes not a word was spoken. Presently Captain Roberts gave the order, " Run those guns in, men, and make all fast," and soon after, " Drop the fore course, there, and put the fore topmast staysail on her." This being done he turned to Mr. Perkins and said, " Now, Tom, let John Bull catch us if he can," and then, " Serve the boys their grog, they deserve it well, all round ! "



Captain Lewis was of opinion that the English did not know of the escape of the American vessels for several days afterwards, and all of our ships arrived safely in America, bringing great wealth to their owners, for teas and silks brought tremendous prices at that time.

Fearing British cruisers, the ship was kept out of the ordinary course, and on making the Island of Borneo, they ran in to get water, of which they were very short. My father related that while the men were watering, he strolled up the banks of a small river which were of beautiful white sands. After walking a long distance, and getting quite a bag of birds, at a turn in the stream he came upon the skeleton of an enormous serpent picked perfectly clean by ants and crabs, and in most beautiful order. Measuring it with his ramrod he found it to be certainly over fifty feet long, far larger than anything of the kind he ever saw afterwards in any of the museums in Europe. He at once hurried back to the ship, and told Captain Roberts, and asked for a detail of men to bring the bones on board. Captain Roberts hesitated, but finally decided that as the ship was watered, he did not feel at liberty to delay two or three hours more than was necessary, so our Society of Natural History lost a specimen which would have been regarded with pride for generations to come.

Not long after, in passing near Ponteyana Roads (was this before or after?), they heard of some English





vessels at anchor there, so, dropping in one foggy morning, they surprised and captured seven vessels belonging to Great Britain, which they boarded, and a beautiful Arab dhow, which carried six brass guns, a large crew, and no papers.

One of the English vessels had on board a Chinaman, in irons, who told a pitiful tale of bad treatment, and offered if he could be taken away to tell where much treasure was hidden. The promise being given, he said he had seen at night the captain and mate burying a chest at the foot of the mainmast with great secrecy. This being investigated, a chest containing two thousand pounds in gold was discovered.

The Chinaman further said that his captain and mate had said that the Arab was a pirate, and was waiting for them. Captain Roberts, on hearing this, came on board the Englishman, who was in great distress at the loss of his owner's gold, and inquired as to the supposed pirate. The Englishman told him he had no doubt that he was a pirate, and that he had followed the fleet into Ponteyana Roads intending to pounce on some of them at the first opportunity.

Captain Roberts thanked him for his information, and said he would give him a letter to show his owners, to the effect that he had made a gallant defence of his vessel, even though outnumbered, and was obliged to give in to a superior force. This was, in fact, quite true, for the Englishman was on deck with his watch when boarded, and at once attacked his assailants,



who were headed by Mr. Perkins, but was quickly overpowered.

Captain Roberts directed the boarding party, commanded by Captain Perkins, to go on board the Arab, to hoist his guns overboard, and to bring away his small arms. All this was quickly done. The captain, a fine looking Arab, did not speak a word of English, nor could any one else on board his vessel ; but, when Captain Perkins went into his cabin and took his scimitar and pistols, he waited till the guard went on deck, and then, in quite good English, begged Captain Perkins to leave him his side-arms, saying his life was not good for an hour if these weapons were taken.

Captain Perkins rejoined, " Then you confess yourself a pirate ! but I like your courage, and you shall keep your side-arms," and, calling one of his men from the deck who had them, he returned them to their owner.

The Arab seemed much moved, and, taking from his breast a jeweled dagger of very beautiful workmanship, he begged Captain Perkins to keep it in memory of this incident, saying, " You have saved my life ; I thank you. I will pray Allah for you daily. God go with you ! The peace of the Prophet rest upon you ! " He then girded on his scimitar ; thrust his long pistols into his belt, and escorted Captain Perkins to the side, who once remarked that it was curious to him to see how that crew of savages all looked with intense



interest at the weapons that their captain [still bore, after all the other arms had been taken out, and their beautiful brass guns had been hoisted overboard. The Arab captain was probably right in his estimate of his men.

Then they sailed gaily away, and arrived in good time in Boston. The Chinaman was taken care of, and sent back to Canton a few years after, where his knowledge of English, his excellent recommendations, and his store of ready money, gave him a start in life which he well maintained in after years.

During these voyages Mr. Perkins, in accordance with the wishes of his father, had devoted most of his spare time to the study of the French and Spanish languages, and had become quite proficient in both of them; for there were French and Spanish sailors on board the Jones with whom he could talk.

He read in Spanish an old account of a journey on horseback across South America, from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, and ardently desired to do it himself.

His father at that time was about sending one of his very best ships, the Canton Packet, to Valparaiso. She was commanded by Captain Greene, a famous master of his time, and the father of those well-known Boston journalists, Colonel Charles G. and Mr. Nathaniel Greene. His father allowed him to go, and he had with him, as a companion, Mr. Andrew Thorndike, a son of Colonel Israel Thorndike, the well-known merchant.



They made a quick voyage to Buenos Ayres, and landed, remaining for some weeks preparing for their long ride. They were delighted with the beauty and cheapness of the horses there, and each bought two horses and two mules.

One day, in an evil hour, our young men conceived the idea that driving a four-in-hand would be great fun, so, with infinite trouble, and a great deal of rope, they at last improvised a queer four-in-hand harness, and having raked out from an old stable something that might do duty for a brake, the horses were put to it, and away they went in fine style for a short time. But soon the half-wild nags, unused to having a great rumbling vehicle behind them, broke into a run ; nothing could stop them. For a while they kept to the road, but, before long, took to the pampas, capsized the wagon, kicked themselves free, and vanished, never to be seen by their owners more ; and our youthful experimentalists found their way back to the city as they best could, wiser, if not sadder, young men than when they started.

Mr. Perkins, however, had one piece of good luck which he always remembered. He bought a ticket in a lottery, and, in a few days, drew the most beautiful emerald that he ever saw in his life. It was oblong, almost an inch in length, over a half an inch wide, of perfect color, and, what was most remarkable, without a flaw. It was certainly valuable, for his banker offered him a very large price for it ; but





he kept it, and later we shall learn where it went and to whom.

Soon after this, the young men started on their ride, long, indeed, since it proved to be twice as far as they expected. Still they said they enjoyed it immensely. In due time they gained the foot hills of the Andes, and thence up the old Indian and Spanish trail, amid the most stupendous mountain scenery possible to imagine. Indeed, I think I heard Mr. Perkins say that the highest pass over which they rode was higher than Mont Blanc, and his delight and wonder, for he was a pretty fair artist as well as sailor, knew no bounds. It was one of the few experiences which he ever talked about. He was always exasperatingly reticent about anything he had ever done himself.

In the course of time they arrived at the frontiers of Chili, where they were arrested by the guard, and told that they could not proceed. Threats and remonstrances were all in vain. They were told that they were spies, and ordered back. All they could do was to secretly bribe a muleteer who was going to Valparaiso to take a letter to Don Santiago Gomez,\* the correspondent of Colonel Perkins, in Valparaiso, telling him what had happened. They even requested to be detained as prisoners at the guard house until they could hear from Valparaiso; but the pig-headed old commandant would hear nothing from them, so they

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\* I am not absolutely certain of the correctness of this name.



turned their horses' heads eastward again, and in reasonable time rode once more into Buenos Ayres.

There Mr. Thorndike left him, but Mr. Perkins took ship at once, and, after a very prosperous voyage around Cape Horn, arrived safely in the harbor of Valparaiso. Here he learned that his father's old correspondent Don Santiago had been dead some five months, but his widow, on hearing of his arrival, sent for him to come and see her. He went at once, and found her a very handsome and charming woman. Her hotel was magnificent, containing many apartments. She told him that whilst he was in Valparaiso she should insist on his making her house his home; that had her husband been alive he would have so insisted. Mr. Perkins was only too glad to accept the invitation, and he remained for nearly three months, and enjoyed himself greatly. His hostess was a very remarkable woman, extremely accomplished, speaking and writing many languages, and a fine musician. She continued to carry on her late husband's large business with an ease and perfection which astonished her young guest. After her early breakfast she would read her letters, inquire into the business of the day, give directions to her numerous clerks, and see that every department was working smoothly. Her house was, as has been said, very spacious, built round a square. The court-yard was beautifully decorated with flowers and flowering plants, a fountain in the centre. She provided Mr. Perkins with a perfect apartment for



his personal use, even to a dining room. Though he usually dined with her, yet, after he had been there some time, she pointed out that he must return the attentions he had received, and must give some nice little dinners to his men friends in his own apartment. Of course his energetic hostess ordered and supervised the feasts, and, like everything that she did, all the arrangements were quite perfect.

She was also, as has been said, a very attractive woman; tall and slender, with beautiful hair, eyes, teeth, and her hands and feet were faultless. She had no children, and her family consisted only of an ancient aunt, a very splendid specimen of antique Spanish deportment, who was a species of duenna; her confessor, a very jolly old Jesuit, also a relative, and who enjoyed a good story, a good glass of wine, and a good cigar, as well as the best of them; and a cousin, a young lady of about twenty-two, a very simple, but charming young person, who, in the course of a month, taught Mr. Perkins to waltz with a degree of perfection that made him a great favorite in London society some time later.

Indeed, dancing was the only exercise these ladies ever seemed to take. They never walked, and did not very often ride, though they were expert horsewomen. Dancing seemed to be indulged in, not only as a pleasure, but as a necessity, and although Donna Inez was most observant of the proprieties necessitated by her widowhood, in private she began to dance again



soon after Mr. Perkins became her guest, with the full approval of her confessor, who calmly remarked that unless she danced she would lose her beauty. So almost every evening, when not otherwise engaged, two or three of her near relatives would drop in, some gentlemen and some ladies, and the guitars would be brought out, and the dance would begin. Before Mr. Perkins left he had the pleasure of seeing Donna Inez dance the Cachucha, and she did it in a style that he afterwards said was worthy of Taglioni. This was a type of a certain class of Spanish life in Valparaiso seventy-five years ago.

But all good times come at last to an end. The Canton Packet returned from a cruise for furs on the north-west coast, and letters were received from Colonel Perkins directing Captain Greene to sail for London, and instructing Mr. Perkins to go with him, and meet his father there. In case he should not come out, Mr. Perkins was directed to call at once on his father's old friend, then in London, the celebrated General Deveraux, the Vice-President of Colombia, and second in command to General Bolivar, who was then endeavoring to drive the Spaniards out of the country, and establish its independence.

And now we shall see where the great emerald went. Donna Inez was kind enough to say that she was very sorry to lose her dear boy, Tomasso, and so said the rest of the pleasant family. Mr. Perkins could not thank them enough, but told Donna Inez that





before he went she must grant him a great favor. When she asked what it was, he told her she must keep the emerald she had so often admired, as a memento from him. At first she flatly refused, saying that it was far too valuable a present to accept; but seeing her young friend was really hurt at her refusal, she accepted the offering with sincere pleasure, and always mentioned the gem in the letters which passed between them as often as once in a twelvemonth for many years afterwards, as having brought her great good fortune, and she really seemed to believe this to be true.

So the stout old Canton Packet ran down the coast, doubled Cape Horn, and sped away to London, making, as usual, a very fast passage for those days.

Almost all of the account of the life of Mr. Perkins, while in England and on the Continent, I got from General Deveraux, who, in the year 1848 or '49, passed some weeks at our house, at Brookline, on a visit to the family. I cannot quite remember whether Colonel Perkins joined his son as he intended in London, or not, or whether the arrangements between himself and General Deveraux were made by letter. But the result was that Colonel Perkins was much pleased by the conduct of his son wherever he was, and wished before he returned home and settled down, that he should see some good English society and travel in Europe, and for this purpose very ample means were provided for him.



General Devereux and Colonel Perkins had met some years before, and traveled together in Europe, and become fast friends. Although Spain and England were at peace, General Devereux was openly recruiting soldiers in England and Ireland, who were sent out to Colombia to fight the Spaniards, and principally by their valor the Colombians succeeded in establishing their independence. Although this must have been known by the British Government, they were never interfered with.

Said the dear old General to me, as we sat on the piazza, at Brookline, one evening after dinner, sipping Chateau Margot: "The first time I saw your father, in London, I was immensely struck with him. He was a tremendous dandy to be sure, but he stood six feet in his boots—straight as an arrow, and with the air about him of a soldier who had seen service. He was very handsome, and very pleasant looking also. What struck me was his perfect manners, mixed with a quiet determination which sat well upon him. Although I knew from his father that for his age he had seen much of life, I could not get him to talk of himself. He seemed at least twenty-three, but I knew him to be only about twenty. I looked him well over, and had him about me as much as I could for nearly a month.

"At last I determined that he was the man I wanted on my staff. So, one day, I said to him, 'Tom, I must have another officer on my staff, and I should



like to take you. I know you have served as a Captain of Marines; I know you are an admirable horseman, a good swordsman, and a dead shot, and, better than all, you can keep your own counsel when it is necessary. I offer you a position of a Captain on my staff, and I think our uniform of green and gold will suit your style exactly.'

"Tom heard all this unmoved, and then asked what the duties were. These were briefly described. He then asked what his father would think of it. I told him that his father would be pleased to have him on my staff, as it would be a passport to the best society in London. He then said he should like to join,—and the thing was done.

"He was with me over two years, and I never had a better staff officer. He attended to his duties with the greatest strictness, and, after about eight months' service, I promoted him to the rank of Major, and then, in about ten months, I again promoted him to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. His commissions were countersigned by the Colombian Government, and were all regular and in order."

I told General Devereux that Mr. Perkins still had his commissions, of which he never talked; but I judged he was quite proud of them, as he kept them in a secret pocket in his dressing-case, and I had seen him look them over more than once, and that I had read them myself, with the aid of a Spanish dictionary.



The good old General seemed much gratified to know that Mr. Perkins remembered his soldier life under him with pleasure, and then said that old Colonel Perkins made a magnificent provision for his son, his only condition being that he should spend his money like a gentleman. So he hired a house in Park Lane, next to one rented by some officers of the 7th Hussars. With these officers Tom became exceedingly intimate, and they seemed to use each other's quarters much in common. The celebrated Marquis of Anglesea, who lost a leg at Waterloo, was Colonel of the 7th Hussars, and on one occasion gave a great entertainment, to which General Devereux and his staff were invited. One of the daughters of the Marquis, Lady Jane Paget, was then just out; a great beauty, and a leader of fashion for years afterwards. Young Captain Perkins was presented to her, and she took a fancy to him, and then began a friendship which continued to the end of their lives, and which made his entry into London society a success.

"You tell me, General, that at this time your staff officer was a great dandy. How did he dress of a morning; do you remember?" "Of course I do. I well remember a hearty laugh I had at him once, when his orders were that he should report for duty, at headquarters, at 2.30 P. M., on a certain day. Prompt to the moment he reported. Without noticing him at first, I said, 'Here, Captain, sit down. I wish to dictate a despatch.' 'Would you be so kind, General,





as to let me ring for your valet, because, you see, I have on my walking breeches, and one can not sit down without they are unbuttoned at the knees.' 'Can't sit down in your walking breeches!' said I. 'Why? I can sit down in mine.' 'Yes, General, of course; but then Preston evidently is not your breeches maker.' To which I answered, 'Come here, you absurd dandy, and let me look at you.' I remember he said he had been walking with Lady Jane and a lady friend of hers, and, of course, had to be very smart. He looked as if he had been run into his top boots and breeches, so perfect was the fit. His waistcoat was buff, his coat, an admirable effort of the great Stultz, blue, with gilt buttons and a velvet collar; a white cambric cravat, and a white hat and gloves, with a little gold-mounted stick, completed the morning dress of a dandy of that day, and a very pretty dress I think it was," said the old General, "for a well-made, handsome young fellow.

"And I remember another good story of him. It seems he had an engagement one day to ride in the Park with Lady Jane. On reaching her house she came down in her riding habit, but said she had been summoned to an especial meeting of the Lady Patronesses of Almack's, to discuss a most important matter: that Major Perkins might go, but must sit in a corner, and be careful to say never a word. So said, so done. The question was whether men could be admitted, wearing trousers, which were then beginning to be worn. The pros and cons were discussed with



great animation, but without coming to a conclusion, when some lady, who knew him, said, 'Let us ask Major Perkins what he thinks ; Americans are said to be so quick-witted.' This being agreed to, the Major rose and said that he presented his views with the greatest diffidence, but that if he were allowed to suggest anything, under such difficult conditions, he would recommend that it be given out that all men having bad legs might come in trousers. The idea was received with enthusiasm, and I remember," said the General with a hearty laugh, "that trousers were very scarce that season at Almack's." This and another bit of fun gave him the name of being a young man of a good deal of cleverness.

"There was a municipal regulation to the effect that no persons, other than the royal family, should turn out with six horses. Some young sprig of fashion, I think a Marquis of Waterford, had tried it,—was stopped and fined. As some young men were talking about the offence, Major Perkins said that the reason he was fined was because he did not know how to do the thing. One young friend said, 'Do you think you could do it, Major?' 'I will bet that I will drive my drag, six-in-hand, about the Park, and I will not be fined,' he replied. Bet after bet was taken, and the next morning the Major's drag, six-in-hand, was at the door, a gay party of young gentlemen scrambled to their seats, and away they went. Before they had been out long an officer appeared, held up his hand,



and ordered them to stop. The Major pulled up. 'Are you aware, sir, that it is contrary to law to drive six horses together about the streets and parks of London?' 'I am aware of that.' 'Then I am obliged to take your name and summon you.' 'I am Major Thomas Handasyde Perkins, Park Lane. But why do you summon me?' 'Because you are breaking a regulation which you say you are aware of.' 'But I am not breaking that regulation.' 'Nonsense; I see you are. What do you mean?' 'My good man,' replied the Major with great blandness, 'if you will take the trouble to inspect my off-wheeler you will perceive that he is a mule, and I know of no regulation which prevents a gentleman from driving five horses and a mule to his drag if he pleases.' There was a pause for a few seconds, for none of those on the drag had noticed the mule. Then came a shout of laughter from the young men. 'You have won, Tom,' was heard from all sides. The officer, however, remarked severely, 'Well, it does seem, young gentlemen, that you have got the better of me this time.' When they arrived at home, one of the grooms who was in the rumble, touching his hat, said, 'Major, that officer knew you, he did.' 'How do you know that?' said one of the young men. 'Me and the other groom heard him say, as the Major started, "Damned Yankee trick that." That is what he said, sir.' This further information was received with roars of laughter, and so ended a very jolly morning."



Boxing was an art much admired in England at that time, and Mr. Perkins became a pupil of the famous Thomas Belcher. Amongst his fellow pupils were Lord Byron and James Wallack, the celebrated actor. Mr. Perkins remembered to have often seen Wallack and Lord Byron boxing together, and a very pretty match they made. I asked Mr. Perkins if Lord Byron's lameness did not put him at a disadvantage with so active and powerful an opponent as Wallack, to which he replied—"Not a bit of it, and Lord Byron always gave James all that he wanted to take, as he often said."

Amongst the friends of General Devereux to whom Mr. Perkins was introduced was a somewhat remarkable and eccentric character, the Marquis of Hertford, the Lord Steyne of Thackeray. This personage took a great fancy to Mr. Perkins, and always treated him with the greatest kindness and consideration. In fact I once heard Mr. Perkins say to General Devereux, "If he had been my own dear Uncle James he could not have been kinder to me," and to me he said "Thackeray could not have known him as I did, or he never would have left such a picture of him as he did in *Vanity Fair*."

He was said by Mr. Perkins to be a very odd man, extremely sharp-tongued, and witty; haughty to his equals in rank, who rather feared him, but extremely courteous to young people, and to his social inferiors.





Mr. Perkins told a story illustrative of this. "One day he had been taking breakfast with the Marquis. It was a bright pleasant morning, and the host proposed a lounge in Bond Street. As they were strolling along, Mr. Perkins saw approaching them a very fine looking man, a foreigner, somewhat over-dressed, but with the air of a person of distinction; Mr. Perkins was rather surprised at the warmth of the greeting the grim old Marquis gave him, and at his saying how glad he was to see him looking so well. When they parted, Mr. Perkins said, 'Who was your foreign nobleman? I never saw you so polite to any grandee in my life.' 'If you knew who that man was, my dear Tom, you would have been as much interested in him as I was. In his way he is the most distinguished artist in London. He is my cook! Do you see what I mean now?'" Mr. Perkins said he did.

Mr. Wallack told me that on one occasion Mr. Perkins and Belcher had been having quite an exciting encounter, when the master said, "Major, I do not think I can teach you anything more," and then in fun added, "You must go to old Richmond."

Richmond was a curious old African savage who trained prize fighters. He trained Molineaux for his great battle with Thomas Cribb, the champion of England. He looked like a great ape. His arms were so long he could button his breeches at the knee without stooping, and his intelligence, except in the matter of fighting, was of the lowest class.



To the great disgust of Wallack, Mr. Perkins took the idea, and answered that he intended to take lessons of Richmond. This was opposed by General Devereux and Lord Hertford, who said that he might be disfigured, and that it was a silly thing to do, but Mr. Perkins was obstinate, and sent his servant to make terms with Richmond.

The old African, to do him justice, said he did not want gentlemen pupils, but consented to take him for the requisite pay. On the day of the first lesson Lord Hertford and General Devereux drove to Richmond's place, and Wallack and the Major soon put in an appearance. The lesson began. Richmond was evidently annoyed to find how good a boxer he had to deal with, and at last rushed in and administered severe punishment to his opponent. Mr. Wallack told me that he saw that in the next round there would be trouble, and prepared himself to intervene if necessary.

Mr. Wallack said that Mr. Perkins threw himself upon Richmond like a tiger; fought him backwards with tremendous blows to the side of the room, and finally landed a right-hander on his neck that knocked him clean through the window behind him, and his herculean shoulders coming in contact with it, took out the whole sash, glass and all. Wallack being all ready sprang forward and caught the negro by the ankles, and with the assistance of Mr. Perkins dragged him back into the room.



He stood for some seconds swaying backwards and forwards, and with his gloves wiping off the bits of glass that stuck in his arms. At last he said, with evident respect, "Golly. Massa Major, how you do hit wid dat right of yours! Why I radder be kicked by old massa's black mule dan hab you hit me again like dat. No, by golly, I don't want any mo' of dat hitten here." Mr. Wallack said he never saw two men laugh more than the General and the Marquis did on that occasion, and the latter said he had had so much fun that he insisted on paying for the window, and giving a handsome tip to Richmond besides. Mr. Perkins took many more lessons of the old negro, but he was always treated with great respect, and never again pounded more than was reasonable.

These stories which are undoubtedly true, show a side of life in high quarters which seems strange enough to us looking at things seventy years afterwards.

The next summer Mr. Perkins, in accordance with the wishes of his father, reluctantly asked for six months' leave of absence to travel on the Continent. He evidently did not care to leave England. However he started, having first, as was customary in those days, bought for his journey a comfortable traveling chariot, an immense affair, but extremely comfortable. In this he rolled easily down from Calais to Paris, where he made quite a long stay. From the fact that his father and his Uncle James had formerly



owned large plantations in San Domingo, they were well-known to many of the old French noblesse who were there with them, and who returned to France after the Revolution.

To many of these people he took letters, and he received much kindness and attention from them. Hence he traveled quietly down through France, stopping at all points of interest, to Marseilles, and then along the Cornice road to Nice. Just beyond Nice, at a way-side inn, he made the acquaintance of a Jesuit priest. Mr. Perkins, finding him a polished gentleman, going over the same route as himself, and being by this time rather tired of traveling alone, invited the priest to take a seat in his carriage, and, as he remarked, he never did a better thing for himself in his life. The priest, besides being a most delightful companion, took charge of the purse, and probably to the disgust of the courier, insisted on paying all the bills, and Mr. Perkins said that such a trip never again cost him so little, and never again was he served so well. Owing to the good offices of his friend, he saw every thing there was to be seen at Genoa, Florence, Rome, Naples and Venice.

While they were traveling together, Mr. Perkins mentioned that his aunt, Mrs. Forbes, while at Avignon, had frequent audiences with Pope Pius VII, who had specially blessed her youngest son John, and also that he had letters from General Devereux, who was very intimate with the Bonapartes, to the





Princess Borghese. When Mr. Perkins arrived in Rome he presented his letters to that beautiful lady, who treated him with the greatest consideration, and by her kindness his stay there was made most delightful. She knew his friend, the priest, perfectly well, and liked him much ; she told Mr. Perkins he was of an old Italian family, and was called one of the cleverest men in his Order. I regret I cannot recall his name.

One day the Jesuit came to Mr. Perkins and told him that he had mentioned to the Holy Father that a nephew of a Madame Forbes, who had met him at Avignon, was in Rome, and asked if he remembered her. "A Madame Forbes? An American whom I saw at Avignon? Certainly I remember her with great pleasure: an extremely clever woman, who told me more about America and the Catholics there than all the priests I ever questioned. Bring the young man to us. We wish to see and to speak with him." So Mr. Perkins had a private audience with the good old Pope, who was delighted to hear of Mrs. Forbes, and of the baby who had now grown to a fine strong boy; and asked many questions in regard to the status of the Catholics in America, mentioning that he intended to have a first-rate man sent to Boston. Perhaps this was the reason that the celebrated Bishop Cheverus was sent to that see, than whom no abler priest was ever here.

Mr. Perkins stated that after that interview he seemed to have carte blanche to go anywhere and every-



where in Italy. He merely had to send in his card and doors flew open; yet it gave him a certain uneasiness, for he seemed always to be watched and looked after.

After a delightful visit to Rome, he and his friend the priest journeyed on to Naples. There he met his old friend and tutor, Mr. Edward Everett, and also Mr. Theodore Lyman, who kindly invited him to join them in a trip to Greece, but the fact that his god-father, Commodore Chauncey, who also was there in command of the American squadron, invited him to take a cruise with him as a guest in his flag-ship, decided him, and he had a delightful excursion all over the Levant, and back again to Naples. On board the ship as Lieutenants were the future Commodores Nickerson, Guesenger, Morgan and Armstrong, all of whom afterwards commanded at Charlestown Navy Yard, and were constant visitors at our house.

On his return trip he visited northern Italy, Venice and Milan, and crossed the Simplon into Switzerland. He visited Chamouni, and in company with two English officers attempted to scale Mont Blanc.

Just beyond the Grand Mulets the party was overtaken with a terrific storm, and only got back to the Mulets on account of their splendid physical condition. They were given up for lost, and had to remain thirty-six hours at the Mulets before they could attempt the descent. However, after many hair-breadth escapes, they arrived in safety, to the great delight of the



families of the guides ; thence by the Rhine down to Holland, through that country, and so over to London again.

He was welcomed by his kind old General, who had with much pleasure somewhat extended his leave of absence, and was not long after promoted to the grade of Lieut.-Colonel ; and so his life went on—some work, and a good deal of play,—for his father provided so liberally for him that he was able to entertain in his own house, and thus return many politenesses that had been extended to him. I know he passed some time in Dublin on duty, and enjoyed that very much, as General Devereux was idolized in his own city.

And here I recall one of the few stories I ever heard him tell himself. It was the fashion of the times for gentlemen to gamble. Colonel Perkins said that he himself cared very little for play, the more so as he almost invariably won, and he did not like the reputation of being a constant winner. Still he was obliged to play more or less ; it was, as I said, the fashion.

One evening he had been dining with the Marquis of Hertford, who was in great spirits because his agent had told him that day that he had recovered ten thousand pounds which he never expected to see again. "A wind-fall, my boy, and must bring luck at any rate. Let us go to Crockford's and see what will come of it." To Crockford's they went. Some high play was going on, and they were watching the game.



Presently Colonel Perkins observed a young man standing in the room, who seemed in dress and general appearance somewhat out of place. The sharp eye of the Marquis was also looking him over, and soon he asked him very civilly what he was doing there. The young man replied that he wished to venture on the turn of a card a large sum of money, and he had understood that this was a place where such a thing could be done. "And what sum would you like to venture?" said the Marquis. "Ten thousand pounds," replied the young man. "And have you that sum here?" "I have," he answered, and producing a wallet, he counted down ten one-thousand pound notes of the Bank of England. "And how, may I ask you, did you come by such a sum?" "I won it yesterday in a lottery," said the young man: "I wish, in confidence, to say that my name is —; I am a clerk in the counting house of Messrs. —, well-known in the city. I have a good salary, and only my young sister to support. I have thought the matter all over. I have concluded that this money is enough to serve me, and I have determined to double it or lose it." "Do you bear your father's name?" "I do." "And your mother's name before she was married was —?" "It was." "I knew them both years ago," said the Marquis. "I am the Marquis of Hertford, and I had rather not bet with you, but if you are determined, perhaps you had better bet with me than another." "I am determined," said the young man.





The Marquis took a guinea from his pocket. "Two in three," he said, "or a single turn?" "A single turn, if you please, Marquis." "Heads or tails?" "Heads." And heads it was. The Marquis counted down his money without moving a muscle, and then said, "Where do you live?" The young man gave his address. "Would you like to do me a favor?" "I would." "And would you take some advice from me?" "I will." "You would do me a favor if you would promise me to invest this sum in the funds tomorrow, and I would like you to promise me never to gamble again." "I give you my word of honor, Marquis, I will do both."

The Marquis rang the bell, sent for his footman, and said to him, "Take this gentleman in my carriage to his lodgings, and then return for me here." The old gentleman sat in thought for a minute, and then muttered, "Strange, very strange, is it not, Tom?" Colonel Perkins replied, "It was a strange thing." "Stranger than you know of, Tom; but let us have some supper before the carriage returns;" and the Colonel said he never saw the Marquis in better spirits or more brilliant than he was for an hour at that supper; but he never mentioned the circumstance again, nor did the Colonel. What could he have known of that young man? Evidently much.

And so life went on as pleasantly as possible, until one day the young Colonel received a letter from his father, saying he was coming, and intended to take a



short trip through Europe for about the tenth time, and that he wished his son to prepare to return home with him. This was a blow indeed.

Among the officers of the 7th there was a certain bachelor Major, who was a sort of father to all the young officers of the regiment; a composer of all differences, a general confidant, and withal a very charming gentleman. He was in the habit of coming in of a morning and breakfasting with Colonel Perkins, and it so happened that he came in on the day when the young Colonel had just received his father's letter. The quick eyes of the Major soon discovered that something was wrong, and with characteristic frankness he said so, and asked what the matter was. He was handed the letter of old Colonel Perkins. He read it carefully, and thought awhile. At last he said, "Tom, what sort of a man is your father? I know he is most liberal to you, and all that; but does he like a good horse? does he like to shoot, and does he enjoy a good dinner in pleasant company?" The young Colonel replied that his father enjoyed all these things. "Ah!" said the Major, "then I think I can manage this affair."

The old Colonel arrived; he was much pleased with his son's establishment; praised his cook, and was in great good humor. The next day, while they were at breakfast, the Major called,—seemed much surprised to see Tom's father, and proceeded to make himself very agreeable. He asked the old Colonel if he



liked to ride in the park after breakfast. Finding he did, said he had a lot of saddle horses in his stable with no work ; asked if he might send one of his grooms in, of a morning, to see if the Colonel would ride ; a first-rate saddle horse was always at his service, and, by the way, he was going to have a dinner of rather old fellows that day : would not ask Tom, but would be delighted if the old Colonel would come, who said he should be most pleased.

He went to the dinner, and returning rather late, asked his son if he thought his Joe Manton was too short in the stock for him to shoot, as he was going down to the moors with the Major and one or two friends, for three days. The young Colonel said he did not think his father could do himself justice with his gun, but that he had one of General Devereux's Mantons that would suit him exactly.

So away he went, and on his return declared he had never enjoyed himself more ; he had shot extremely well, and made as good bags as any of the party, not even excepting that famous shot, the Major.

"By the way, Tom, the Major is a charming companion, a very clever man too, evidently a first-rate soldier ; knows his profession thoroughly. He has told me all about your life here, and who are your friends. I am much pleased with the way you have conducted yourself, and with the friends you have made. General Devereux also praises you highly, and calls you a most efficient officer. The Major thinks



it would be a pity to take you away just now. General Devereux thinks that in a few months his work will be done here, and that he shall then return to Colombia, at which time you can receive an honorable discharge if you wish it, and so return with credit. I shall therefore not require you to return for some months yet."

This was a great pleasure to the young Colonel, as he had promised himself one more season's hunting with his good friend, the Marquis, and this he had, and thoroughly enjoyed. And whilst he was there, as Mr. Wallack related, there happened an incident which showed pretty well what his host thought of him. The Marquis delighted in the society of young men, and always had a number of gay young fellows about him. While Colonel Perkins was in London for a day or two in attendance on the General, and the others were at dinner, something was discussed, and the Marquis said he knew it to be thus and so. A young connection of his family asked how he knew it; the answer was "Because Tom Perkins told me so." The reply was, "Oh! Who is Tom Perkins, that you always quote him?" "Tom Perkins," replied the Marquis in his blindest tones, "is a young man whom I both admire and respect. I admire any man who can knock Richmond through a window, as I saw Tom do once, and I respect a young man who, when he comes to hunt with me, not only brings nags enough to horse himself, but has spare mounts for some of my own impecunious relatives. I think I have seen you,





Charlie, riding some of Tom's horses." A shout went up from all around the table, and Charlie himself laughed with the best, declaring that he had no business to have said what he did.

But with hunting and shooting, and jolly times with the men, and dancing and supping and walking with Lady Jane and her young lady friends, the time passed all too quickly. General Devereux concluded his business in London, and was about returning. The Spaniards had outwardly, at least, given over all hope of holding Colombia. General Bolivar was all-powerful, and Colonel Perkins asked for, and was granted, an honorable discharge.

He was to return to Boston in company with his father's old friend, Mr. R. D. Sheppard, and all that remained for him to do was to say farewell to his many friends; and those whom he seemed to regret leaving the most were Lady Jane Paget, and his friend the Marquis, both of whom he had the pleasure of meeting years afterwards, and Lady Jane more than once.

His leave-taking of the old Marquis was characteristic. He called,—was received most cordially,—said that he was about to return home,—thanked his friend for all that he had done for him, and stated that when at home he should be in a position to be of service to any one the Marquis might send to him. The old gentleman, lounging in his chair, his legs crossed, his elbows on the arms, his hands joined, and his head on one side, listened to all this with his



piercing eyes fixed on the Colonel's face. "Tom, my boy," he said, "what would you think if I told you that I have seen something of yours that I covet." "It is yours, Marquis, whatever it is." "Well, we will see! You know I have a fancy for rare and curious arms. That jeweled dagger you usually keep on your dressing-table, the one that the pirate fellow gave you, is most rare and curious; I want it." "Send for it at once, Marquis." "I will, on condition you stop and lunch with me, and give it into my own hands;" all of which was presently done. And then the young Colonel and Mr. Sheppard took ship, and in due time arrived in Boston.

Not long after his arrival in Boston my mother came up from Swan Island, on the Kennebec River, where her father lived on an estate, which he inherited from his mother, a daughter of Sylvester Gardiner, Esq. This gentleman owned some hundred thousand acres of land, between Bath and Gardiner, which latter town he founded. Miss Dumaresq was making a visit to her relatives, the family of the Rev. John Sylvester Gardiner, Rector of Trinity Church, in Boston. She at once became noted, not only for her excessive beauty, but also for her grace and charming manners. Even as I remember her she was almost the most beautiful woman I ever saw. Her figure was perfect, as were her teeth and complexion, but the most striking points about her were her eyes—the color of dark sapphire—and her hair, which was wonderful.



I have heard of raven hair, but never saw it but on her. I have been told that when she was married her hair swept the floor when she loosened it. Ordinarily it was black, but in the sun I have often seen upon it the sheen of steel-colored blue, such as one sees in the sunlight on a crow's wing; and she was as brave as she was beautiful, and as courteous and gentle as a long line of ancestors of De Cartèrets\* and Dumaresqs could make her. She had a vein of fun about her too, yet she could never see that of Dickens in *Pickwick*. She always said she could not understand the pleasure my father and I took in those papers. To her they seemed not vulgar, but common. In fact she was an aristocrat to the tips of her fingers, and such she remained to the end of her days.

These young people became interested in one another, and the result was an engagement of marriage during the winter, followed by marriage in the early summer. Our venerable friend, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, not long since, gave me and my wife an account of the ceremony at Trinity Church, solemnized by the Rev. John Sylvester Gardiner, a circumstance that made quite a stir among society people in Boston at that time.

He remembered the old Church crowded with the notable people of the time; that the bride was very

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\* The De Carterets and Dumaresqs have for the last five hundred years been two of the principal families in the Island of Jersey, and they still hold that position.



beautiful, and the groom a gallant looking young gentleman; but confessed that his boyish eyes were principally attracted to the best man, Lieut. Auchmuty, of the U. S. Navy, a great dandy and lady-killer of his time, in full uniform, glittering with epaulettes and gold lace, his sword by his side, and altogether so splendid a personage, to his youthful mind, that he confessed he did not remember much more about what to him, then, were quite inferior people.

Their first house was in what was then called Chauncey Place. Not long after, Mr. Perkins bought the house No. 1 Winthrop Place. He became a partner in the firm of James & Thomas H. Perkins, and was so successful that, in 1834, he resolved to build No. 1 Joy Street, where we passed so many happy years.

In 1834 the health of my mother having become a matter of anxiety to the family, my father decided to take a trip to Europe for change and rest. To New York they went, and my father engaged the whole cabin of a ship, commanded by the celebrated Captain Rockett of those days, and they set sail for Liverpool.

As soon as they were outside of land Mrs. Perkins gained in strength and spirits daily, and she often expressed to Captain Rockett a desire to see a storm at sea, such as she had heard her father, who was an officer in the British Navy, describe. Neither my father nor Captain Rockett seemed to care anything





about such matters, but one night my father said he was disturbed by a tremendous tumbling about of the ship.

Before long Captain Rockett came to his state-room and said, "Colonel, it is blowing great guns. I am rather short-handed ; come on deck and help me steer this ship ; I am afraid to trust the men." The Colonel was on deck in a twinkling. The ship was running under three close-reefed topsails, and a double-reefed fore-course. The wind was blowing a hurricane, and the thunder and lightning were terrific. For a long time Captain Rockett and the Colonel clung hard to the spokes of the wheel, saying nothing, but attending closely to business. Before long, however, the Captain said to the Colonel, "What is that white thing at the companion-way?" My father looked, but could not say. Presently a clear little voice rung out, "Captain Rockett, do you call this a gale of wind?" "By G—, marm," replied the stout Captain, "I don't want to see a worse one ! You go below, or you will be hurt." "Oh, do not fear for me ; it is the most magnificent sight I ever saw ! I am not afraid." Soon after this there came a lull ; the wind suddenly chopped about to the southward and eastward, the yards swung round, and the ship, close-hauled, went on her way as if nothing extraordinary had happened, and my mother and father took refuge in their respective state-rooms.

In the morning my mother appeared at breakfast fresh as possible, and Captain Rockett only inquired of



my father if he had ever seen Mrs. Perkins frightened, to which the Colonel replied he never had, but he hoped to on some future occasion. "I do not think you will be gratified," was the answer. From that time Mrs. Perkins seemed perfectly well, and on the ship's arrival off Penzance they took the opportunity to land there by means of a pilot boat, and thence posted to London, enjoying much by the way.

Soon after this they crossed to Paris, and took rooms at the Hotel Bristol, in the Place Vendome. There they found Madame Patterson, who, knowing my father well, was enabled to give my mother an opportunity to see much that she could not otherwise have seen. Madame Patterson, the then divorced wife of Jerome Bonaparte, was very intimate at the Tuileries, and on very friendly terms with the King and his family. Thence they traveled, in their own carriage, through France, by the Cornice road by Nice, Genoa, Florence to Naples, and, returning, crossed the Simplon to Switzerland. Here one day my father was hailed from a carriage by an old gentleman. To his great surprise he found his friend to be the Marquis of Hertford, with whom he had a very pleasant meeting, but circumstances so turned out that he never saw him again, though his friend was quite the same as ever, and offered him all sorts of politenesses if he should meet him in England.

In the course of time they returned to America. Being still in business, the Colonel could not be far

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from Boston, and bought a house at Nahant for a summer residence. The house is now owned by General Paine, the famous yachtsman, and there we passed several delightful summers. My uncle, Captain Philip Dumaresq, having returned from a visit to Washington, told the Colonel that at Baltimore he saw for sale a yacht of forty tons, the most beautiful schooner boat of its kind he ever had seen. The Colonel bought her, and Captain Dumaresq sailed her over.

She was then a wonder. Day after day she beat all the pilot boats, and everything else in the Bay of anything near her size. Two of the Colonel's cousins, however, determined to see what they could do. Mr. John Perkins Cushing was persuaded by Captain R. B. Forbes that the latter could build a craft to beat the Dream. Mr. Cushing ordered the boat built, and in time Captain Forbes produced a yacht, certainly a beauty, called the Sylph, and but a little larger than her antagonist. Great was the excitement in the family and among our friends; and in the cruises of the Sylph to get herself into perfect trim, she was reported to have shown herself extremely fast and weatherly.

I heard nothing of time allowance; it probably was a later invention: but the rules of the race were an eight knots breeze; the Dream to be sailed by Colonel Perkins and Captain Philip Dumaresq, the Sylph to be sailed by Mr. Cushing and Captain Forbes, to a certain buoy off the outer light in Boston Bay, the



first boat round to drive a boat-hook into the buoy, and the following one to take it out.

At a given signal the boats started at the same moment, running before a strong westerly breeze, and the run, off the wind, was fast and even, the *Dream* leading only a few hundred yards. The buoy was rounded, and the Colonel drove a boat-hook into it; luffed up, close-hauled everything, and started on the home stretch. It was soon evident who was to be the winner. The *Dream* out-pointed the *Sylph* on almost every tack, and was much quicker in stays also.

The *Dream* anchored off India Wharf, took in sail, and had made all snug before the *Sylph* crossed the line, and she did not bring the boat-hook! The next winter Mr. Cushing cut the *Sylph* in two, and put twelve feet into her amidships. This gave her a length of fifty-seven feet, and greatly increased her speed, but even after this she did not always beat her nimble little antagonist.

It is rather curious that Captain Forbes, in his *Yachting Reminiscences*, quite omits this race, which, although not scientific, perhaps, made a great deal of conversation and merriment at the time; and years afterwards I have heard the Colonel, across Temple Place, hail his cousin with, "Ben, ahoy! Where is my boat-hook?" The reply generally given in a stentorian voice, was to the effect that that useful implement should be sought at a city near the banks of the Jordan, eastward from Jerusalem.





In 1834 the Colonel, finding No. 1 Winthrop Place too small, had built under the supervision of the then celebrated Cornelius Coolidge, his third house, at No. 1 Joy Street,—in those days a delightful residence. Then the windows on the side overlooked Beacon Street and a good part of the Common. From my room, in the third story, I could see Nix's Mate in the harbor through an opening around the Hancock House. From the rear we could look over Charles River and the hills beyond, while just under us was the really beautiful garden of good old Mr. Samuel Appleton, to me one of the oldest men in the world, since he always called my father "Tommy" during their chats of a spring afternoon, over the fence dividing their estates. In those days scarcely any one went to his country place until after the Fourth of July.

Here I will insert a very curious story told me by Mr. James Wallack, the father of the late Lester Wallack, the celebrated actor. Mr. James Wallack who was himself a famous actor, married a daughter of Mr. Price, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, in London. and, when he first came to Boston, brought excellent letters of introduction; and, besides that, was well known to Colonel Perkins, who had often met him in the best London society. He was then a very handsome, accomplished and agreeable young man, and was extremely well received here.

Colonel Perkins was at that time one of the Directors of Federal Street Theatre, and one evening



invited Mr. Wallack to sup with some friends at his house. After the play, which was "Hamlet," and which had received great applause, Colonel Perkins went to the dressing-room of Mr. Wallack, and together they passed out by a back door of the theatre which opened upon an alley. Colonel Perkins walked first, Mr. Wallack close behind, while the door keeper held the portal open. As the Colonel stepped out, a man rushed upon him. By the light of a street lamp he saw in the raised hand of the man the glitter of a knife! Putting up his left hand instinctively, he partially parried the blow, but felt that he had been stabbed! At the same instant he struck his antagonist a fearful blow with his right hand, which dashed him to the pavement with great force. Mr. Wallack, who saw the whole thing, demanded at once if the Colonel was hurt. The answer was, "I think not much, but I am bleeding rather fast." Directing the door keeper to watch the assailant, the two gentlemen returned to the green room, and some-one hastened out and soon brought back a physician; I think, Dr. Hayward.

Colonel Perkins had on a very thick double-breasted Petersham overcoat (whatever that may be), his dress coat, a heavy velvet waistcoat, and a thick undershirt of buckskin. But the knife cut through all these, and made a long gash in the flesh! His quick left hand, perhaps, saved his life. The wound was pronounced a deep cut only, and the Doctor had just put in a few



stitches when Mr. Wallack returned with the extraordinary intelligence that the assailant was Mr. Junius Brutus Booth, and that he was so badly hurt that he was insensible, and that he could not be revived. The Colonel instantly sent the Doctor to him, saying he could wait. After some delay the Doctor returned with the pleasing intelligence that he had bled his patient; that he was already partially recovered, and that he had therefore ordered him to be removed to his hotel.

The Colonel's wound being dressed, he, with Mr. Wallack and the Doctor, repaired to his house, and there regaled the other guests, not only with supper, but with this extraordinary story.

The next day the Colonel, with Mr. Wallack, visited Mr. Booth, and found him still in bed. The Colonel expressed his regret for the affair, and Mr. Booth with a great deal of feeling spoke of his unfortunate share in the matter, but could give no reason except that he had been drinking heavily for some days. Mr. Wallack, however, surmised that his own success, and drink together, had maddened poor Booth, and the blow was intended for him, and not for the Colonel, who had always treated Mr. Booth with great consideration. Yet here was a case of homicidal mania, which, had it been successful, and the defence a little more vigorous, would have prevented both John Wilkes Booth and the writer also from ever coming into the world.



About this time business with China began to wane, and Colonel Perkins retired with what in those days was a very handsome fortune. He then decided to do what he had always wished, which was to pass some months during the summer in the house he had built on Swan Island, near Richmond, in the Kennebec River, on the place first owned by the great grandfather of my mother, Dr. Sylvester Gardiner. The old house built by Dr. Gardiner, more than a century before, then stood, a hundred yards away from the new one, as firm and strong as a white oak frame and wrought nails ever stood, a most picturesque object, with its great porch, huge chimney, and long sloping roof. It was placed just above the river, with two mighty oaks, each twelve feet in circumference, between it and the beautiful birches, maples, oaks and beaches, which fringed the water, and between that and the house was the well, with its long sweep fastened to a limb of one of those giant trees.

On both sides of it, and to the rear, was a great grass field, dotted over with some very fine oaks and elms, young fellows—not much over a hundred and fifty years old, while at the back and all around was the virgin forest, which had never been cut, but thinned from time to time. The place was a small one, only about two hundred acres, but it was certainly beautiful. There were upon it, in my young days, five white pine trees that were over a hundred and fifty feet in height, not by guess, but by measurements





made by Major Barney, of Baltimore, an officer in the Engineer Corps of the United States Army.

There were six sugar maples on it, each measuring fifteen feet in girth—splendid old fellows, with large spaces around them, cleared from the forest I believe, by my grandfather Dumaresq, a great lover of fine trees; and there were many beautiful oaks, both white and red, which came near to the proportions of the two giants in front of the old house. To the north, about a hundred yards away on a beautifully timbered bluff, high above the water, stood my father's place, large and handsome, with a delightful view of the river from the piazza. The rooms were many and ample, and all the appointments extremely comfortable. The hall, morning-room and dining-room would be good anywhere. This house was burned to the ground in two hours, in 1839, and my father's shooting box, a very pretty little cottage however, took its place.

At that time there were very few hunters, and woodcock, snipe, ruffed grouse, teal, and all kinds of ducks, were plentiful in their season. As the Colonel was an enthusiastic sportsman, and went out with his gun and setters every day, we almost lived on game. I have so often seen him kill ruffed grouse, right and left, that I always expected him to do it when two got up at the same time. So ignorant of some things were the people around, that I once heard one farmer ask another what he thought the Colonel did with those "Mud hens (woodcock), he was always a



shootin'." "Well," said the other, "they do say he eats um, but I guess that aint so." "Should'nt wonder," said the other, "them Boston folks are awfully curious." Of course the good old fellows did not know that I was behind the big red barn-door; for a nicer, kinder, and more trustworthy people never were than our true blue Yankee neighbors on the Kennebec.

Woodcock were in condition by the 15th of July, and snipe and teal by the 1st of August; from the middle of August to the middle of September wood-duck, black duck, and grey duck were plentiful, and then came the diving fowl, whistlers, blue-bills, wid-geon and dumb birds, all delicious, and just from their breeding grounds at Moose Head, but without a trace of a fishy taste, as they had not yet been to the salt water, and were then feeding on the wild celery in the river, which made them perfect. Not infrequently one got a shot at a big flock of plover, coming down from the north.

The farm produced delicious milk, eggs, butter, potatoes, and some other vegetables, also the finest lamb and mutton; but beef and lettuce, and all the fruit, came down by steamboat twice a week; and here I remember that of all our numerous band of servants I never knew one who would eat game. Our cook, who had lived with us for years, and did her work before a fire-place filled with birch logs, always had to be reminded that teal, woodcock and snipe,



were only to be roasted ten minutes, and ducks fifteen.

I intend to note a number of trivial things in this paper, in order to show those who come after us how Boston people, of a certain class, lived in the year 1835 and about that time, both in town and in the country. I should say that then it was a very charming life, but not differing essentially from the ways of 1890, except it was somewhat simpler. The ladies and gentlemen were rather more elegant and formal in their intercourse with each other, and spoke much better English than they do now. Slang was not tolerated, while, on the other hand, one heard the "festive damn" much more commonly among gentleman than one does now. But we must remember that there are a hundred new rich men in Boston now to ten in those times.

The Colonel always took his horses, or some of them, to the island, with a light carriage; and occasionally we drove to Gardiner on a visit to our relatives, the Gardiners, of Oaklands, a lovely place, and a really beautiful house; but this involved having the horses and pony phaeton (we call them Victorias now) ferried twice across the wide Kennebec: so, as a rule, the horses were principally used in riding lessons for us, the youngsters. Our other occupations were boating on the river, for we had all sorts of craft from the *Dream*, of 40 tons (on which excursions to the mouth of the Kennebec were made), to sail and rowing



boats, with dug-outs, and canoes of all kinds and sizes.

The Colonel was, what is uncommon even now, an admirable steerer of small boats. I used to try hard to out-manceuvre him, but I confess I rarely succeeded. We had, besides, very good fishing in the river — bream, white and red perch and large eels ; and as the weirs were often not taken up before September, we visited them, and fine striped bass, and not infrequently a salmon, rewarded our efforts. Trout were rare, and could only be obtained by long drives across country to their streams. But the sport which delighted the Colonel, and myself as well, was our duck shooting. One started in what was called a float. This consisted of a hollow log, rather blunt at both ends. The advantage of this was that the lapping of the water against the sides made no noise, and the boat was easily propelled either with a paddle (Indian fashion), or by sculling. It was dressed all about with light branches so that it resembled an old log. The Colonel reclined on his back, with his heavy Knock or Partrick double gun lying over the bow, and his light Joe Manton by his right side. The second man was in the stern with his gun ready. When a flock went down upon the flats, as they were called, which were covered with long, stiff, thin three-cornered grass, but also with a few inches of water over them, the sportsmen pushed up to them from the leeward. When near enough, the man in the bow, still lying on his back,





fired as the birds sat upon the water, always taking care to aim well under where they seemed to be, otherwise he was sure to over-shoot them. Instantly depressing the butt of the gun slightly, he pulled the second barrel, this to catch the birds as they sprang from the water. The man in the stern in the meantime got two barrels into the flock as they rose, and the Colonel, in the bow, stood ready with his Joe Manton to stop any wounded birds that might attempt to get away. The breach of the big bow gun was in a bowline, and it was used more like a cannon than a fowling piece.

I have hunted all over the north-west country, and the Lilly Bay Mountains about Moose Head Lake, and also the Adirondack Mountains, forty years and more ago when it was a real wilderness, and have bagged moose and deer galore. I have fished with a fly the outlet of the Kennebec, and the Rackett and Blue Mountain Lake, where big trout were only too plenty. I took on a fly in two weeks forty great salmon from the Nipisquit, and it was all fine sport; but, for real pleasure, I think I have had as much while duck shooting on the Kennebec of a fine autumn, as I ever had anywhere.

Where we shot was on the Great Flats, between the Eastern River and the Kennebec. Near them lived a cousin of mine, Mr. Robert Patterson, an admirable sportsman and a charming gentleman. A day with him in September, when the river was like glass, a light haze softening all objects, the high banks



glowing with the splendid reds and yellows of the maples, was a real pleasure ; and though, unlike the Englishman, we did not say " what a fine day ; let us go at once and kill something," we must have had an inkling of that feeling, for we kept the sharpest of look-outs for the long lines of ducks in their V shaped flocks coming down from the north. We never killed a great many at one time. The largest bag I ever made to my own gun in one day was twenty-six, but the shooting was quite enough for any gentleman sportsman ; and the surroundings were very beautiful.

Our houses, both old and new, were always full of guests, one party coming as soon as another left. I remember my grandfather, the old Colonel, often came, and his sister Margaret (most delightful of old ladies), my aunt Mary Cary, Mr. J. P. Cushing, Miss Elizabeth Gardiner, Mr. and Mrs. John Singleton Copley Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Parnell (she a relative, and the mother of Mr. Parnell, the Irish agitator), Mr. John Sullivan (the celebrated wit), and his beautiful sister, Olivia. Then their friends and our friends came down from the Gardiners' country place, and, besides all these and many more, there were always some of the Colonel's sporting friends,—Judge De Blois (from Portland), Mr. Francis Codman, Major Barney, Mr. Charles Hammond, and Mr. William Lee, besides our cousins Hallowell Gardiner and Colonel Tudor Gardiner, U. S. A., Mr. Richards, and his brother Henry Richards, with Allyne



Otis and Captain Philip Dumaresq, all keen sportsmen and crack shots.

I well remember an amusing incident when my father's old school friend, Judge De Blois, was with us. My aunt, Miss Louisa Dumaresq (afterwards Mrs. John Rice Blake), had a poultry yard which was to her of great interest. Amongst other birds she had a cock of most splendid appearance, and to his other attractions he added two long green plumes which made his tail quite magnificent. Mr. Francis Codman, a very accomplished fisherman, on a trouting expedition, noticed that the trout rose to a fly of a dark greenish color. The next day he requested Miss Dumaresq to allow him to capture these beautiful feathers. This request was promptly declined.

However, Mr. Codman and Mr. Lee departed one day very early, and returned to dinner with a fine string of trout. Unluckily there remained in the mouth of one large trout a hook, garnished with dark greenish feathers. The next day Miss Dumaresq, on visiting her poultry yard, remarked with horror that her beautiful bird had lost his splendid plumes. It was a very rainy day,—every one was in the hall reading or sewing when Miss Dumaresq appeared. Judge De Blois was reading, sitting in an easy chair. Miss Dumaresq, on entering, exclaimed, "I have come, Judge De Blois, to enter a serious charge." The Judge, not taking the joke, replied, "Why, Miss Dumaresq, what do you mean?" Miss Dumaresq



then went on to describe how she had been approached by Mr. Codman and Mr. Lee in regard to the plumes; how she had seen a hook in the jaws of a trout, dressed with green feathers; how her beautiful bird was quite a common looking fowl now, and—demanded justice. The Judge rose to the occasion. He at once appointed Mrs. Copley Greene constable, and directed her to bring the said Francis Codman, and the said William Lee into court. I well remember Mrs. Greene, looking like a perfect beauty, as she brought Mr. Lee and Mr. Codman into court, she having each by the collar of his coat, and they pretending to be much frightened.

They were placed in the dock (two hard kitchen chairs before the long French windows opening upon the piazza). Mr. Lee arose at once and demanded counsel. Mr. Copley Greene was assigned, and Colonel Perkins, as prosecuting officer, was ordered to open the case.

The jury was not quite official, consisting of my mother, Miss Elizabeth Gardiner, and my grandmother. The case was opened, and the witnesses examined. The Colonel denounced the extraordinary wickedness of the offenders. In reply, Mr. Greene cited many extenuating circumstances. One of the most amusing incidents was that the servants had an idea that the matter was serious, and gathered about the doors. The result was that the jury found the defendants guilty, and the Judge, in fine rhetoric, condemned the





said Lee to kill enough woodcock to make a woodcock pie, and the said Codman to catch trout enough to make a proper dish for the next day's dinner.

Uncle Frank ordered his boat at an unearthly hour, from Domingo, the skipper of the Dream, and departed, but got home at noon with a fine string of trout. Mr. Lee, after breakfast, asked me to carry his bag. When he started with Rake and Rake junior (our two setters), he said, with a wink, "Gussy, it is awfully hot. I will beat up the home cover," (this was a cover we kept intact in case guests arrived,) "and then we will beat up Caull's run," another good cover but near by. Fortune favored him. We found plenty of woodcock; and he never shot better. By noon we came home with sixteen beautiful birds. Soon we (that is, the children) heard that the woodcock pie was to be made.

The great kitchen fireplace in the old house was heated. We were allowed to look into the windows which reached to the ground. Mr. Lee with a tall white cap and a long apron, was rolling pastry; Miss Dumaresq, in a similar dress, was making the sauce. How they quarreled, both being famous cooks, it is needless to relate, but at last the pie was placed in the oven, and Mr. Lee, in the brightest of blue dress-coats, and the most delightfully white waistcoat and trousers, appeared at the feast, while Miss Dumaresq was not a whit behind him in the freshest of white crape gowns, and all sorts of pretty furbelows.



That was a pie to be remembered. I got a good slice, which I enjoyed under the great oak, and I remember the flavor to this day. "*Eheu fugaces.*" This was the country life of our people fifty years gone by.

The Colonel loved in Boston to exercise a generous hospitality, especially in the direction of numerous small dinner parties during the winter and spring. His theory was ten persons at a round table, eight besides my mother and himself. Our own men-servants always waited on table, with one other hired footman. Amoy, our Chinese butler, who lived with us many years, was always gorgeous in the costume of his country. Flowers and tropical fruits were very rare on the dinner tables of fifty years ago, but beautiful silver, and India, and even Sevres china, with splendid cut glass, was by no means uncommon.

The menu was much as it is now ; oysters on the shell ; a delicate soup ; the fish, in winter, smelts, cusk, or chicken halibut ; in spring, salmon, sea trout, and shad. For meats, saddle of venison, or mutton, in winter ; later in the season, spring lamb. The last course was ducks, partridges, or quail, and sometimes all of them.

The friends of the Colonel, at Baltimore, often sent on by packet canvas-backs, red-heads, and terrapin, and he frequently wrote for them ; lettuce and celery were by no means plentiful, and were hard to get, beet and potato salads taking their place. Lobster,



cooked in various ways and as a salad, was a favorite dish; chess-cakes, and little mince and squash tartlets, very small and dainty, were also in order, with minute apple turn-overs. Ices were served last, and came on the table ordinarily in the forms of pyramids; the various shapes now common were unknown. The fruits in winter were oranges, Sicily grapes (though not always to be obtained), raisins and figs, and many kinds of nuts—walnuts, chestnuts, pecans and ground nuts. Rhine wine was drunk with oysters, sherry with soup, champagne with entrees and meats, claret with game, and port and Madeira with fruit and nuts; coffee, Cognac and cigars, as a finale. Bananas, fresh grapes, pears and mandarins, were almost unknown, as were also canned tomatoes, asparagus, peas, beans and mushrooms.

In those happy days the best champagne was eighteen dollars a dozen, Chateau Margot and Pontet nine to twelve; Cabañas cigars thirty-five to forty dollars a thousand, and Manuel Amores twenty to thirty.

The Colonel believed strictly in carefully selecting his guests. If he had his father to dine with him, there were ordinarily Mr. Harrison Gray Otis, Judge Story, Mr. Samuel Appleton, Mr. Jeremiah Mason, Mr. Thomas L. Winthrop, Mr. Daniel Webster, Mr. Nathaniel Amory, and Major Joseph Russell. Occasionally it was a navy and army dinner, some of the guests being Commodore Nickerson, Commodore



Morgan, Commodore Guesinger, Commodore Armstrong. I remember Lieutenant Davis (afterwards an Admiral), and Captains Shubrick, Chauncey, Downs and Porter, with Major Grafton, Major Barney and Major McNeil, who were frequent guests. Major Grafton, General Scott once complimented on the field as having covered himself with glory, "And my troops with mud, General," replied the Major saluting.

Anon it was a literary dinner, with Mr. and Mrs. Everett, Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor, and Mr. and Mrs. Palfrey.

The general guests were the Colonel's sporting friends—Mr. Augustus Thorndike, Mr. Francis Codman, Mr. Charles Hammon, Judge De Blois; then Mr. (afterwards Rev.) John Singleton Copley Greene, John Sullivan (the celebrated wit), Chardon Brooks, some cousins, Robert B. Forbes, and John Perkins Cushing, also Bishop Wainwright, Thomas and Lothrop Motley, Dr. Walter Channing, Mr. William Lee, Louis Stackpole, Hon. George Ashmun, Mr. Henry Cabot, Mr. William Howard Gardiner, Colonel Thomas Graves Cary, and Mr. William F. Cary, Mr. Richard Fay, Mr. William F. Otis, Mr. Francis Crowninshield and his brother George, were those I remember as being most often at the house.

Of the ladies I remember my great aunt, Madame Forbes (a charming old person), my aunts Mrs. Cabot, Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. William Cary, Mrs. W. H. Gardiner (all very clever women, and handsome too),





Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, junior, Mrs. Andrew Ritchie, Mrs. Henry Cabot, the Misses Benjamin (afterwards Mrs. Lothrop Motley and Mrs. Stackpole), Miss Elizabeth Hubbard (afterwards Mrs. J. S. C. Greene), Mari-  
anne, Olivia and Hepsibah Sullivan (great beauties and musicians), Miss Peabody (another beauty, afterwards Mrs. W. C. Loring), Miss Elizabeth Perkins, and Miss Elizabeth Gardiner.

Among the very young gentlemen who were great favorites were Henry Nelson, Frederick O. Prince, Allyne Otis, Francis Jackson, Gardiner Gorham and Thomas G. Appleton.

Of the Colonel's intimates, in New York, were Mr. James Otis, Mr. John Jacob Astor and his son William (both of whom had great business interests with old Colonel Perkins in China), Mr. James Thompson (famous for his dinners), Mr. J. C. Hamilton, Major Schuyler, Mr. Stuyvesant, Mr. Henry Cary, Mr. Philip Hone, Mr. Brevoort, Mr. Robert Ray, and Mr. Prime (the father of Mrs. Ray), Mr. C. L. Livingstone, and General Stephen Van Rensselaer (of Albany). Mr. William D. Lewis (of Philadelphia), was also a very intimate friend.

These were the people the Colonel evidently had most in his mind when he returned from a visit to New York, and very many of them afterwards treated me with great kindness when I went into society there, the general idea being that they were glad to see a son of my father.



Now and then some stray Englishman, a former friend of the Colonel's, would appear. I recall two droll meetings of the kind. On a beautiful June Sunday my mother and I were just starting for a walk to Trinity Church, when, looking out, she saw a rather rough-looking man lingering about our steps. Running back to my father's smoking-room she said, "There is a man at the door who I think is looking for our place as a coachman, but I do not like his style." The Colonel, glancing out of the window, directly said, "Good gracious! Can that be Selkirk? It must be, though I have not seen him for twenty years." Presently the bell rang, and soon we, from the dining room, heard Amoy announce "Lor Shilquerk," then, "Hello, Colonel," and "Good gracious, Selkirk, where in the world did you come from?" "Why, as I was passing through Boston I could not do less than to beat up your quarters. Just down from Hudson Bay, you know." "Delighted to see you; you must dine with me to-day." "Will, with pleasure, etc., etc."

My pretty mother and I walked off to Church, and I recollect asking if that was really a lord, thinking that he did not quite come up to my idea of one. "Oh, I fancy he is one; and it would be just like your father's mischief to tell him that I did not think he looked smart enough to be my coachman." I remember Lord Selkirk, dressed in blue dress-coat, with brass buttons, white waistcoat and trousers, just as everyone else came; the other guests being Mr.



Augustus Thorndike, Mr. Francis Codman (famous sportsmen), and Mr. John Sullivan (the most amusing man of his day). Lord Selkirk was often at our house afterwards; my mother found him very agreeable, and Mr. Codman pronounced him a first-rate sportsman, and he certainly seemed to enjoy himself in Boston, which he declared "so English."

On another occasion, in early summer, returning from school I found a big, carelessly-dressed man near our front door who looked hard at me. "Are you a son of Colonel Tom Perkins?" said he. "I am." "Of course you are. Is your father at home?" Just at that moment the Colonel appeared on the door step, beautifully dressed as he always was,—a blue frock Stultz coat, a dotted blue neckerchief, waistcoat and trousers of the whitest duck, a white hat and gloves, and his gold-headed Malacca joint under his arm. "Hello, Colonel," said the big man, "there you are, just as great a dandy as ever you were in London." "Well, Sir John," said the Colonel, evidently very glad to see his friend, however, and shaking hands with him cordially, "I can not say quite as much for you, but what can I do for you." "You see I had a draft on the Boston Bank, and when I went there this morning a most polite young man, the cashier (Mr. Wild), asked me if I knew anybody in Boston. I had been thinking of you, as I remembered you came from Boston, and so said, 'I know Colonel Tom Perkins.' 'The old Colonel, or the young one?'



I said 'Young,' at a venture. 'Oh,' said he, 'Colonel Perkins is one of our Directors. He lives at No. 1 Joy Street, and if he vouches for you we shall be delighted to serve you.' 'So here I came, and here I am.'

"Come on then," said the Colonel, "but you must stop with me at Rhodes's, on our way down town, and get another hat; that tile of yours is really too bad." "No idea that you were such bucks down here in the States, but anything you please:" so off they went. This proved to be a Sir John Rochford, formerly an officer in the English army. In evening dress he was a very handsome man, and he dined with us several times, and delighted me with stories of tiger hunting in India, and moose stalking in Canada. The Colonel and himself had evidently known each other very well while in London, where he owned a great estate. He also seemed very much surprised to find "Boston so much like home," and, on the Colonel's pressing him as to what he expected, he said "Something like Halifax, you know, only not so nice." Boston was really a beautiful city in those days, as clean as an English town; but then—we had gentlemen for mayors and aldermen, and the suburbs were certainly more charming than now.

As for the dress of the ladies at evening parties and at dinners, low necks and short sleeves were the rule, with very long kid gloves. Every year or two a huge box, lined with tin, would be sent out from Madame





Victorine, of Paris (the Worth of those days), to my mother ; so I take it the ladies of Boston were not far out from the fashions of Paris, even when it took from sixty to seventy days to come to the westward from Havre in the best packet ships.

About this time the three persons bearing the name of Thomas Handasyde Perkins, then in Boston, took a trip of a year in Europe,—the grandfather, father and son. They enjoyed themselves greatly, and went as far as Naples, but my brother was too young to remember very much about it, and my father never talked of his experiences.

The life of the Colonel continued in the even tenor of its way for some years, the only change being that about 1843 the old Colonel gave his son a beautiful piece of land in Brookline on condition that he would build a house and live there. As my grandfather, my aunt (Mrs. Cabot), and great uncle (Mr. S. G. Perkins), and our cousins (Stephen Perkins and Edward and Charles C. Perkins), all lived within the radius of a mile, and our friends Mr. John L. Gardner, Ignatius Sargent, Dr. Edward H. Robbins and Captain Daniel C. Bacon, were very near, it was a charming residence: the view from the piazza was beautiful. The spacious halls and the oval dining-room were hung with Chinese papers, and in all the rooms were excellent pictures and engravings, our house being one of the few in Boston where one saw really good pictures, and a number of them. And here, as I am



professedly on trivialities, I will mention all the gentlemen then in Boston who had pictures other than a few portraits by Copley or Harding, hanging on their walls: Mr. Charles R. Codman, and Mr. Francis Codman, Mr. Peter Chardon Brooks, old Colonel Perkins and my father, also Mrs. Samuel Cabot and Madame James Perkins, had a few very fine pictures; Mr. Augustus Thorndike had quite a collection, and I think these were about all.

Fifty years ago Boston was a summer resort for many Southerners. The attractions were the Tremont House; cool weather, with east winds; excellent boating and sailing in the harbor; cod fishing off the Graves and around Nahant; delightful drives in the suburbs, where were numbers of fine places; and so I remember here, summer after summer, Alstons, Habershams, Hugers, Izzards, and Rhettts, and many others, and it was our habit, if we were out of town, for the servants to allow any gentlemen or ladies who wished to call at No. 1 Joy Street to see our pictures. Mr. Whitcomb, the steward of the Tremont House, was always sending people there, and the servants reported numbers of them who came every summer.

So life went on smoothly with us until 1848, when the Colonel announced his intention of passing the summer in England. No one except his old friends Dr. Channing and Dr. Hayward knew the real reason of his going. Many years before, while in London, he met with some slight accident, and sent for the



nearest physician. He was visited by a young man named Brodie, to whom he took a great fancy, and the two became intimate friends. Mr. Brodie became in time the celebrated Sir Benjamin Brodie, whose name was known all over the world. To him his Boston physicians desired the Colonel to go for advice, and he sailed for Liverpool towards the end of June, in the steamer from Boston. On arriving in London he found Sir Benjamin had gone to the Continent, and would not return for some weeks.

It was one of his customs to go to St. James' Park to see the daily change of the guard, and on one occasion there were a number of officers present. He observed one gentleman, of about his own age, looking hard at him, and presently a mounted orderly rode up and asked him if he was Colonel Perkins, of Boston. The reply was, "I am Mr. Perkins, of Boston." "Well," said the man, "my Colonel [Colonel Sconswar, I think that was the name] wishes to speak with you when we are dismissed." "I will wait for him with pleasure." In the meantime the Colonel recalled a young friend he had years before, who was considered one of the handsomest men in the Guards. Soon a white-haired officer rode up, and the Colonel at once recognized him as his friend. Cordial greetings were exchanged, and the Englishman said, "Tomorrow I have some old comrades of ours, of the 7th Hussars and of the Guards, coming to dine with me; one has sent an excuse,—you must take his place, and



come early, for I wish to see if they all will recognize you as easily as I did." This being agreed to, the Colonel arrived first at his friend's house. Ten officers arrived one after another, and every one of them recognized him at once, and were delighted to greet him again. Old stories were told and old pleasures revived, and before they parted the Colonel had invitations to shoot and to country places enough to keep him busy for six months.

One of the invitations I know he did accept, and that was to go with a party to the opening of the shooting on the Sheffield Moors, where he made the second best bag of the season, only being beaten by a few birds by a young gentleman from Oxford, one of the most famous shots in the kingdom; and his success greatly delighted his military friends. It was on the occasion of this visit, I think, that he had the pleasure of meeting quite often his good friend (formerly Lady Jane Paget), now the Marchioness of Clanricard, who treated him as cordially as if they had been parted but for a few weeks.

This lady must have been not only very handsome, but a most kindly and charming woman; in fact I heard as much of her from her nephew, the gallant General William Paget, whom I met in Egypt three years since.

He had another rather curious adventure during that visit to London. He lived at Long's Hotel, in Bond Street, and one morning, while strolling about,





a man put his arm familiarly within his, and said, "Perkins, I have just been painting a sea piece I know you will like; you always like my sea views, so come and look at it." My father glanced at his friend, who was very carelessly dressed, like a sailor, and at once recognized Turner, the famous painter, whom he had not seen for more than twenty years. He had known Turner well in the old times, and, being something of an artist himself, always appreciated his genius.

Turner, evidently, did not know that he had not seen the Colonel within the last ten days. They reached the gallery where the picture was on view. At first the Colonel could make nothing of it, and said, "I don't think, Turner, you have put me in a good light." "True enough, Perkins; come this way a bit. There! Now you see the boat tossed about, and there the whale, and all the rest of it." "Oh, yes! Now I have it," said the Colonel, and speedily he became so engrossed with it that it was probably some minutes before he spoke again, but when no answer came, and he looked around, Turner had disappeared. The door-keeper said Mr. Turner had gone out about three minutes before, in a brown study. This picture, I was told, is now in Birmingham, and a very curious one it must be.

Still a third meeting might be recounted. Going down to shoot with Mr. Hodgkinson, formerly of Boston, who lived not far beyond York, he went to the station one morning with his servant, his trunks, and



his trusty Joe Manton. It was raining heavily at the time, and the baggage was hoisted to the top of the carriage, and covered with a painted cloth. The Colonel asked the station-master when he thought the English would become civilized enough to have vans for the luggage, but the man could not say. "We do these things better in my country," said the Colonel. A gentlemanly looking man who was standing by said, "Are you then not an Englishman?" "No," replied the Colonel, "I am an American." "Will you allow me to introduce myself. I am Mr. Hudson, and am a Director in many railroads in old England." "Certainly," said the Colonel: "I am Mr. Perkins, of Boston, and I have a good deal to do with several railroads in New England." "And how far are you going?" "I am going beyond York to do some shooting on the place of a friend." "I am going to York," said Mr. Hudson, "and will you do me the favor of taking a seat in my coupé? I would very much like to talk with you on the American system of railroads." "I will join you with pleasure," said the Colonel.

The conversation was most interesting, as it seemed to Mr. Hudson, who was particularly struck with our system of checking luggage, but he said that his countrymen were so wedded to old customs that he feared to try its introduction.

They passed some six hours together very agreeably, and, as the time of parting drew near, Mr. Hudson re-



marked, "Mr. Perkins, I have derived much pleasure and instruction from your company. I am now going to tell you something that may be of advantage to you, if you choose to make it so, but you must not give your authority." "I agree," said the Colonel. "Then," said Mr. Hudson, "the — Railroad, that has been so long under a cloud, has done extraordinary well during the last year, and will declare a dividend. I do not tell you to keep it; but it will certainly rise greatly in value." The journey came to an end, and Mr. Hudson and the Colonel parted with many mutual good wishes.

The Colonel wrote to Mr. Bates (the partner of the great house of Baring), who had married his cousin, a Miss Sturgis, and directed him to put a large sum into the shares of the — Railroad at once. Within a fortnight the London Exchange was astonished to hear that the — Railroad was to declare a large dividend of profits: shares went up wonderfully, and the Colonel sold out, making enough to pay the expenses of his whole trip. I never knew how much he really gained, but as he always travelled *en prince*, and gave dinner party for dinner party all the time he was in London, and as he brought home a very considerable sum, I judge he must have done well by following the hint of Mr. Hudson.

Of course he saw Sir Benjamin Brodie often, who, at last, was obliged to confirm the worst fears of his Boston physicians; but he kept all this to himself,



and so well did he guard his secret, and so cheerful and undisturbed did he seem, that it was only some two months before his death that I knew that he was dying of an internal cancer. Although at times suffering extreme agony, his spirit and courage never for a moment gave way, and his enormous personal strength and vitality, unfortunately for him, as Dr. Channing often said, seemed to defy the inroads of that dreadful disease.

As soon as I knew his condition he saw that I was no longer deceived, and said one day, "This is about the time for your examinations at Cambridge, I think." I said it was. "You will oblige me, my boy, if any accident happens to me at those times, if you will not fail to go to your examinations exactly as if nothing had occurred. I have been pleased with your life in college, and desire that you are graduated with a good record."

One day I received word that the Colonel was very ill. I made haste, and arrived at the house quickly, and was running up stairs with all speed when loud laughter, coming from the Colonel's room, arrested me for a moment. I entered. There was the Colonel in bed, and sitting by his side was his old friend, that dear, good lady, Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis. "Why, father, I heard you were very ill!" "So did Eliza Otis here, and came tearing down the street to know about it. It has passed for the time, and so your aunt Otis and I have been recalling' old times. You see





when Eliza and I were children, down in Pearl Street, we were always playing together. We saved up our pocket money one autumn and bought a sled. We used to coast down Fort Hill. One afternoon a dispute arose as to who was to have the next turn. She said it was hers ; I said it was mine. Your aunt Otis was always an exceedingly prompt young woman, even at the age of eight, and she quickly put an end to the dispute by giving me such a cuff in the ear that I went heels over head twenty feet down the steep bank, and, on picking myself up, Eliza flew by me on the captured sled triumphantly in a cloud of snow. It was one of the funniest experiences I ever had, and your aunt Otis, so Harry Otis said, used occasionally to warn him that he had better be careful or she would treat him as she did Tom Perkins on a certain occasion, and that Tom was much the bigger man of the two."

I heard him say on one occasion, while speaking of a certain subject, " I am about as good as Gus Thorndike, Jim Otis, or Charlie Hammond, and almost as good as Frank Codman. I shall go where they go, and that is where I wish to be." And so in a few weeks passed away, without pain (A. D. 1850), as kind a father and as true a friend as any one could have,—a gentleman every inch of him.

The children of Thomas Handasyde Perkins and Jane Frances Dumaresq were: Thomas Handasyde, Augustus Thorndike, Philip Dumaresq, Francis Codman and Louisa Dumaresq.





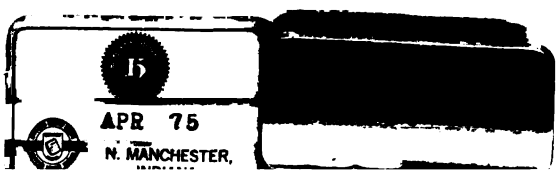




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